THE HISTORY OF DIMAGORAS

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Of the moſt Vile DIMAGORAS

Who by Treachery and Poiſon blaſted the incomparable Beauty of Divine

PARTHENIA:

Inter-woven with the Hiſtory of

AMORONZO

AND

CELANIA.

By *John Quarles*, Gent.

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THE EPISTLE TO THE READER.

READER,

GRow bigg with expectation, *Dimagoras* is revived, and lays his old claim to the Throne of Love; Pride justi-

fies both his Worth and Title; and Treachery promotes it. In this ambitious rage he either poiſons Love, or betrays it; profanes it in his own affection, or ſtifles it in that of others: He ſcorns to dye in Quarto's that intends to fill Volumes with his miſcheifs.

These Leaves are but a Portal to his more capacious Fabrick of confuſion; A peice which importunity rather raviſhed from me, then deſigne intended. Un-

To the Reader.

Untimely Births do uſually come forth ſwadled in their own imperfections; ſuch Iſſues of the braine, are more lyable to defects then thoſe of the body, wherein, through haſte and importunity I am fallen ſhort of expectation; I hope either thy Candor will remit, or thy more pregnant fancy will ſupply; Let me be a Copy, though not a Pattern, and follow, where I cannot lead; but we uſually ſay, Money is not baſe

baſe unleſs the Allay exceed the pure; and there may be good enough in theſe if there be ſo much good therein as to make them paſs for currant, and though they obtain no *praiſe*, yet I hope they will incur no *obloquy*: Where defects are not watched, a little virtue may go far: Thine acceptance may raiſe my fancy as well as enlarge it, and will as much encourage (as my promiſe and reſolution bindes) me to the pro-

proſecution of the Hiſtory.

A Story but half compleated cannot pleaſe beyond its proportioned meaſure; but when you ſhall with a pleaſing horror read, and ſeriouſly perpend the miſcheivous deſigns of *Dimagoras*, and with a ſad delight ruminate upon the obſtacles of the ſacred Loves of *Amoronzo* and *Celania*, then I queſtion not but thy conceit may be thereby doubled, and therein, my recompence.

Farewel.

TO

My Honoured Friend

RICHARD CULMNE

OF

CANALEE,

In the County of

DEVON, Esq;

SIR,

IF *these my small Endeavours may find acceptance, I have the end of my desires; I confess they are the*

he fruits of some spare hours, designed only for the benefit of recreation; therefore I hope you will read them for diversions, not Precepts; only let me advise you, to meditate upon the unworthiness of Dimagoras *with detestation; upon the puissance of* Amoronzo *with admiration; upon the hospitality of* Kalander *with imitation; upon the Virtues of* Celania *with affectation: Thus if you can gather any delight from it, I am very*

well

well ſatisfied, deſiring you to par-
don what you find amiſs, and no
to diſ-reſpect it in being mine
So you ſhall ingage me to be

SIR,

Yours to eſteem you

JO. QUARLES.

THE HISTORY OF Dimagoras,

Interwoven with the Hiſtory OF

AMORONZO AND *CELANIA.*

BOOK I.

WHen *Argalus* no longer could abide
'Tis greif, not news to ſay, *Parthenia* dy'd;
Fates ſad Decrees are not to be reverſt
both liv'd, both lov'd, both dy'd, and that's the worſt,

But that which non-pluſt moſt that troubled Age,
Was that *Dimagoras* out-liv'd the rage
Of much incenſed *Argalus*, whoſe fame
For noble Acts, advanc'd his honor'd name
Almoſt beyond extr'ordinary, and made
Conqueſt grow cuſtomary, yet 'tis ſaid
That poor perplexed *Argalus* lay dead
Buried in greif, whilſt vile *Dimagoras* fled
Unproſecuted, and for this reſpect
Some ſay *Parthenia* charg'd him with neglect;
But 'tis well known that Authors may incline
To errors, by miſtake, and ſo does mine:
But this ſuſpected matter is beſt try'd
By real hearted Lovers that abide
The like misfortune, for *Parthenia's* breath
Blaſted with greif was fading into death,
And ſhould diſtreſſed *Argalus* then goe
From his dear-dying Love, to ſeek a Foe
He knew not where, alas! he was at ſtrife
Whether to loſe *Parthenia*, or his life;
Suppoſe he had, to proſecute his rage,
Uſurpt a ſad and groaning pilgrimage,
And left his dear affections to the care
Of her own thoughts, then crowded with deſpair,
What then? at his return he might have found
His labour loſt, *Parthenia* under ground:

But

But I'le desist, and recollect my thoughts,
That Love is only rare, that has no faults.
'Tis not my taxe to treat upon the dead,
But to persue *Dimagoras* that's fled,
We know not where, yet close persuit and time
May bring reward to his unheard of Crime.
My blood-hound Muse shall ransack all about
Till we have found this worst of Villains out,
And then we'le give what we can best afford,
A pen oft times cuts deeper then a Sword.
Frightn'd with his own fears, *Dimagoras* flies
He knows not where, and in his flight he cryes
He knows not why, and in his cryes, he vents
A flood of tears, then deep-mouth'd oaths prevent
A further deluge, then a curse succeeds
That hoast of oaths, and then he thinks his deeds
Are so Authentick, that he needs not flye,
Nor fear, nor swear, nor curse, nor grieve, nor dye;
But having claim'd the respite of a pause,
He thus discourst, *Dimagoras* thy cause
Is just and good, disturb not then thy mind
'Tis fit that men, when women prove unkind,
Should be as cruel, 'tis well known, thy fame
Thy worth, thy honor, might have lay'd a claim
To her deserts, what though her beauty swell'd
Beyond a *Venus*, what though she excell'd

Her Sex in wit, what though her ample parts
Did raviſh, nay monopolize the Arts?
Art thou not rich, and great? is not thy Land
Unbounded, nay, and canſt not thou command
Armies to wait thy pleaſure? and wilt thou
Baſely degenerate, and fondly bow
Unto a womans frowns, 'twas but a deed
Proportion'd to her fault, and wilt thou bleed
Theſe inward drops? come, contemn thy pain
And grief, thou canſt not act it or'e again.
Did not her tender hearted Mother grieve
To ſee thy ſorrows, lab'ring to relieve
Thy ſad extreamities, did not her care,
Her skill, her wit, endeavor to prepare
Parthenia's heart, and yet obdurate ſhe
Learn'd to deny, by importunitie:
Her mother oft would ſay, ah who can find
The vaſt dimenſions of a womans mind,
There's not a day, an hour, much leſs a minute,
That brings them not an alteration in it:
They're like unfixed Stars, that always move,
They hate to day, what they to morrow love.
But if the influence of one ſingle Star,
Can ſo diſorder man to make him jarr
With his own reaſon, nay, bid ſenſe adieu,
Oh! what will then a Conſtellation do:

Thus

Thus walking, talking, pauſing altogether,
His heedleſs feet brought him he knew not whi-
But gazing towards the Weſt, he ſoon eſpy'd (ther
The aged day was grown ſo heavy-ey'd,
That being almoſt deſtitute of Light,
It ſhrunk away, and bid the world good-night;
Whil'ſt ſilent *Veſper* modeſtly expreſt
A ſpeedy reaſon for approaching reſt,
To which *Dimagoras* yielding, ſoon repos'd
Upon his Mothers virdent lap, and clos'd
His ſlumbring eye lids, whil'ſt the whiſpering wind
And the conſpiring leaves, as t'were combin'd
To grace his ſlumbers, but his panting breaſt
Being grown Stranger to accuſtom'd reſt,
Denotes an inward conflict; for each part
Seems to diſclaim the motions of his heart,
And at the twy-light of his dawning eye
His ears were entertained with a cry
Half drown'd in tears, and then a drilling tone
Would ſeem to be a trebble to each groan,
But at the laſt, theſe cryes, theſe groans, encreas'd
Into a voice diſtinct, and after ceas'd
Their wordleſs tones, and being well refin'd
Into a ſpeech they cry'd Oh thou unkind
And moſt accurſed Catiffe, doſt thou live
T'out-brave revenge, or cannot vengeance give

Reward to villany, or haſt thou got
A counter-mand to contradict thy lot,
Or are the Gods forgetful, can they ſee
A veſſel laden with impiety
And yet not ſink it, or did they create thee
Without a Soul, and ſo forget to date thee?
Is there no time for puniſhment; Oh thou
That thinkſt thy ſelf ſecure, and wilt allow
Of no contrition, know the time draws near
When horrid-ill-ſhap'd Vengeance ſhall appear
Ugly, beyond it ſelf, and ſhall expreſs
The liſe of horror in a lively dreſſe,
She's now attiring, and her robes ſhall be
Flame-colour'd, trim'd with laviſh tyranny,
Her hair diſhelving from her flaming head
Shall be hot-burning wyre, which ſhall be ſpread
Over her ſpacious ſhoulders; in her face
Shall be black ſpots of envy and diſgrace,
Her eyes like fatal Comets, ſhall out flame
Two Firmaments of Brimſtone, and thy name
Shall by the dreadful thunder of her tongue
Startle, even Hell it ſelf, and live among
T'infernal Furies, and for ever be
An adding plague unto their miſery;
Thy woes ſhall ſwell into ſo large a ſcore
That quick invention ſhall invent no more.

Even

Even as the weather-glaſs, which being preſt
By a warm hand, its water cannot reſt
But ſhrinks away, and hides it ſelf, as 'twere
Within it ſelf, yet will at laſt repair
(The hand remov'd) into its proper place,
Even ſuch was ſad *Dimagoras* his caſe,
His Spirits ſhrunk away being touch'd with fear,
His fear perſu'd with guilt, made him appear
A ſenſeleſs living ſtatue, yet at length
Receiving ſome of his declining ſtrength
He rais'd himſelf, and with a feeble tone
Began to ſpeak; had not a ſudden groan
Prevented th'inundation of his words
He had proceeded, but his grief affords
No ſpeedy utt'rance, therefore he was forc'd
To walk, and leave the matter undiſcours'd.
Thus walking to and fro his trembling breſt
Strongly inclin'd him to a ſecond reſt,
But his perſwaſive fears would not allow
The leaſt refreſhment to his willing brow;
At laſt oppreſſed with a ſudden gail
Of ſighs, his wearied feet began to fail,
And in a melancholly valley, there
Repos'd *Dimagoras*, but not his fear,
His fear inſtructs him that his eyes behold
Strange viſions,& his trembling heart grows cold

For as the Sea which cannot be at peace
Upon a ſudden, though the tempeſt ceaſe
Even ſo *Dimagoras*, though the former blaſt
Of his fierce rage was moderately paſt,
Yet his innated violence was ſuch,
That like the living plant, at every touch
He ſhrunk into deſpair, and here we find
The dangerous Iſſues of a troubled mind:
And thus the flames of his encreaſing fires
(Blown by the bellows of his own deſires)
Conſumes his reaſon, and his former deeds
Preſent themſelves, he raging thus proceeds.
Oh ye immortal Powers, why have ye ſent
So much of trouble, and ſo ſmall content
Into my boiling breaſt, ah muſt my life
Become a woful Laborinth of ſtrife!
Why do I live? ſince every moment brings
A thouſand Serpents, with ten thouſand ſtings
To torture me, and whilſt I ſtudy why
And what I live for, I deſpair to dye?
What greater curſe than this did ere attend
Mortality, how often muſt I ſpend
My ſighs, my groans upon the idle air,
And hear no other language but deſpair,
Deſpair, and dye *Dimagoras*, 'tis a death
Nay worſe, to live, go quarrel with thy breath:

Didſt

Didſt thou not hear thy moſt unequal'd Fate
Thund'red, nay worſe, into thy eares of late,
Yet do'ſt thou dare to live, reſolve, and dye,
And make the Devil guilty of a Lye.
Doſt thou obſerve how yonder ſpreading tree
Would fain be proud to bear ſuch fruit as thee,
Take courage in thy ruine, haſte away,
He feeds a danger moſt that loves delay,
And he that lives for fear of being dead,
Spins out his grief unto the ſmalleſt thread.
What greater torment is then ſelf-grief?
And what more Charity then ſelf-relief?
Triffle no more, 'tis childiſh to complain,
And eaſier far to dye than live in pain.
Courage *Dimagoras*, come, march towards that place
Of ſpeedy eaſe with a delightful grace;
Doſt thou relent, what has a ſudden wind
Rais'd a new tempeſt in thy ſtormy mind?
Wilt thou recede, fye, fye, ſpur up thy will
To a more certainty, why ſtand'ſt thou ſtill?
Let not the dull commands of fleſh and blood
Deterre thy heart from ſo approv'd a good.
Suppoſe thou ſawſt a wretch ſtretchd out at length
Upon the rack, and having ſpent his ſtrength
In tedious groans, yet would refuſe to be
(Though much entreated) ſet at liberty;

Wouldſt

Wouldſt thou not ſtile him mad, and ſay his grief
Was due deſert that ſhould deny relief
So freely proffer'd; Is not now thy caſe
The very ſame, thou knowſt thou mayſt diſplace
Thy Sorrows in a moment, yet thy heart
Combines with fear, and will not let them part;
Reſolve, reſolve, and let thy ſpeedy breath
Expreſs, 'tis better dye, than live in death.
Thus ſaid, and thus reſolv'd, he waſtes no time,
But with extended armes, attempts to climb
The lofty tree, but ere he could aſpire
Unto the height of his too raſh deſire,
His trembling arms diſclaim'd their idle hold
And down he fell, and being down, his cold
And much affrightned ſenſes thought it fit
To leave him reaſon equal to his wit.
There lay new-dropt-*Dimagoras*, till a Knight
And his enamored Lady put to flight
By adverſe fortune, chanc'd to paſſe that way
Where dead, (as they ſuppos'd) *Dimagoras* lay,
But Fate Decreed it otherwiſe; for now
His almoſt ſenſleſs thoughts were pauſing how
He came ſo low, nor could he think or tell
How he climb'd up the Tree, nor how he fell,
But turning on his back, his dazzled ſight
Seem'd to aſſure him that the armed Knight

Was

Was daring *Argalus*, and when his eye
Obſerv'd the beauteous Lady ſtanding by,
His trembling heart inforc'd his tongue to ſay
Oh *Argalus*, oh wrong'd *Parthenia*!
And there he ſtopt, as if his heart had ſwore
After *Parthenia's* name to ſpeak no more,
But yet the pleaſure of her name did ſeem
Like a reviving Cordial to redeem
His ſenſes from captivity, and thus
Outragiouſly he cryed, O *Argalus*!
Oh moſt divine *Parthenia*, here, here, lyes
The perfect mirror of all villanies,
'Twas I, 'twas I, conducted by the flame
Of my own luſt, and clothed with the ſhame
Of my own crimes, that did attempt to do
A deed, that none but Hell, advis'd me to:
'Twas I, 'twas wretched I, that did commence
A wicked ſuite againſt thine Innocence!
Ah poor *Parthenia*, how did I delude
Thy raviſh'd mind, and barbarouſly intrude
Upon thy privacy, and made thee know
(Inſtead of bliſs expected) perfect woe;
Thy heart conceived that the joyful ſumme
Of all thy hopes, thy *Argalus* was come,
But all in vain, for thy deceived Love
Met with a Serpent ſeeking for a Dove.

Could

Could I reſtore—— And there his feeble voice
Chang'd, and recoy'ld into a dreadful noiſe:
With that the Knight being ſuddenly amaz'd
Stood ſilent for a time, and only gaz'd
Upon this dreadful object, but at length
Being bold in courage, he imploy'd his ſtrength
To raiſe him from the earth, which having done
Bold in a new attempt, he thus begun.
What art thou, ſay what art thou, that doſt thus
Unman thy ſelf to be afraid of us
That would be courteous, and redreſs thy grief
Wouldſt thou be capable of our relief;
Let thy dull reaſon credit what we ſay,
I am not *Argalus*, nor I *Parthenia*
Reply'd the Lady: At which words he rais'd
His frenzy head, and for a while he gaz'd,
And then his laviſh tongue began to cry
Oh *Argalus*, oh bleſt *Parthenia*, why
Why do ye thus torment a Ghoſt that ſtrayes
It knows not where, theſe unaccuſtom'd ways
Prove dreadful to me, but me-thinks I ſpye
By thoſe pale looks ye'are Ghoſts as well as I:
Oh do but hand me to the Elizian plains
Where ye recide, and lead me from theſe pains,
Theſe racks, theſe tortures, oh what torments wait
Upon the ruines of a curſed ſtate,

But

But ſtay, me thinks I ſee——And there his eyes
Decay'd, and ſeemingly *Dimagoras* dyes:
The courteous Knight perceiving by diſcourſe
It was the ſtrength of paſſion did divorce
His ſenſes from their faculties, grew ſad
To think no means, no med'cine could be had
To bring him from his trance, till at the laſt
His charitable Lady that had paſt
Much time in trouble, having heard the vain
And ſtrange effuſions of his idle brain,
Takes forth a glaſſe, within whoſe brittle wall
There was inclos'd a Spirit could recall
Revolted ſenſe, then with a ſtretch'd out hand
She calls her Page, and gives him ſtrict command
To take the glaſſe, and preſently convey
Some drops into his mouth, and haſt away:
The trembling Page with an affrighted look
(Obedient to his Ladyes pleaſure) took
The proffer'd glaſs, and with a fearful ſpeed
Approach'd *Dimagoras* and perform'd the deed,
Which being done, *Dimagoras* compos'd
Of nothing leſs then reaſon, ſoon diſclos'd
His buried eyes, and gazing round about
(Pufft up with rage) his fury thus broke out,
Ye dreadful Tyrants is there all extent,
No diminution of my puniſhment;

Muſt

Muſt I Epitomize your Plagues, did I
To humour you, thus play the fool, and dye
Before my time, I thought in pleaſing you
To conſummate thoſe plagues which now renew:
I'm licenc'd by my torments, and I'le chide
Your dam'd injuſtice, were not you my guide
That led me hither, did not you adviſe me
To kill my ſelf, and will ye thus diſpiſe me?
Muſt plagues be my reward, muſt I be plough'd
And harrow'd with my torments, not allow'd
A minutes eaſe, are theſe, are the gains
That I was largely promis'd from my pains?
Oh Hell, and there his well-oath'd tongue let fall
A liberal ſhowr, then he begun to call
Upon *Parthenia*, oh *Parthenia*, thou
That I abus'd on earth, how doeſt thou now
Plague my abuſes, oh that I could boaſt
Of ſo much comfort, as to ſee thy Ghoſt
And ask forgiveneſs, how content I'd lye
In the dull ſhades of blind obſcurity,
I know, I know, thy patience would engage
Thy *Argalus* to mittigate his rage:
Alas, my ſuff'rings much out run the power
Of my diſtracted patience, every hour
Brings every Plague, oh how I am oppreſt,
Parthenia's pardon gives *Dimagoras* reſt,

But

But ah in vain, with that his gazing eye
Staring about did ſuddenly eſpye
His former objects which rejoyc'd him more
Then all his tortures tortur'd him before:
It was that amorous Pair which only ſtay'd
T'expect the Iſſue, whilſt *Dimagoras* made
(After obeiſance) more then uſual ſpeed,
And on his bended knees did thus proceed,
Oh ye immortal Ghoſts that do inherit
Th'Elizian plains with a contented ſpirit,
Deign to behold, and do not frown to ſee
Your Proſtitute upon his bended knee
Craving your pardon, which if I obtain
'Twill prove Phyſitian to a world of pain,
Deny me not, but ah *Parthenia* move
In my behalf, thy dear, thy deareſt Love,
Thy conſtant *Argalus*, let him not reſt
Till he has granted my enforc'd requeſt:
At which the Knight, turning his head aſide,
To break a long-keept ſmile; *Dimagoras* cry'd
Oh *Argalus* do not remove thoſe ſweet,
Thoſe pleaſing looks, but let my ſorrows meet
With thy calcining pity, pity take
Though not for mine, yet for *Parthenia's* ſake.
Whereat the Knight (whoſe ears could not abide
The fierce Artillery of his tongue) reply'd,

Vain

Vain Self-deluder why doſt thou deveſt
Thy troubled Spirits of their liberal reſt?
Thy actions have inform'd me, and I can
Declare, thou art no Ghoſt, nay ſcarce a man,
Forget thy folly, ſtrive to baniſh hence
Thy idle fancies, and recall thy ſenſe
Into its proper Sphere, and ceaſe to be
Deluded into cruel vanity;
Come hither, take my hand, and you ſhall find
That I am tangible, and that my mind
Is troubled for thee, view me well, and ſee
If thou canſt call to mind my Phiſnomie,
Obſerve this tender Lady, and you'l know
Whether ſhe be *Parthenia* or no;
Nay ſtart not back, approach, ſuch Ghoſts will do
No harm at all, eſpecially to you:
At which *Dimagoras* with a fixed eye
Star'd in her lovely face, and ſeem'd t'eſpye
Something he knew, but yet his troubled ſenſe
(Much diſcompoſed) could not ſay from whence
Thoſe Fancies ſhould ariſe, but yet at leng'h
Having arrived to a little ſtrength
Of long abſented reaſon, he confeſs'd
His ſhameful folly, whilſt he thus expreſt:
I am unghoſted, and I now behold
What my amazed ſenſes lately told

My

My heart ye are, and if I do miſtake
Pardon I crave for *Amoronzo*'s ſake
Rare beauty: and if my requeſt ſhall ſeem
Abſurd, oh *Amoronzo* ſtand between
Your dear *Celania*'s anger, and my breſt;
For if ſhe frown *Dimagoras* lives unbleſt:
With that, much-pleaſed *Amoronzo* took
Dimagoras by the hand, and with a look
As ſtedfaſt as his heart, he thus begun;
Unfortunate *Dimagoras* thou haſt run
A moſt prepoſterous courſe, for at this time
Thy Land is in an uproar, and the crime
Falls upon thee, the blood that has bin ſpilt
Cryes out aloud, and teſtifies thy guilt;
Return, return, and let thy warlike hands
Mow down the courage of th'*Arcadian* bands,
Thy abſence gives advantage, every hour
Thou ſtay'ſt, thou giveſt addition to their power,
Nay wonder not, nor do not ſtand to grieve
Or ſhake thy head, but practiſe to believe
Believe thy friend: And if thy low-ebb'd Fate
Wants thoſe materials that become thy ſtate,
Thou haſt a friend, a friend, that will impart
The ſecrt Counſels of a faithful heart,
And if my weak inſtructions will allow
Advantage to thy will, I'le teach thee how

Thou ſhalt redeem thine honour, let's repair
To more conveniency, and I'le declare:
To which *Dimagoras* (being now ſupply'd
With an indifferent reaſon) thus reply'd;
True Friend, your words diſtilling from a breſt
So full of truth inſtructs me not to jeſt
With my own fortune, I confeſs, the late
And ſad diſturbance of my inward ſtate
Hath made me much incapable to be
A Favorite to my ſelf; but ſince I ſee
Your liberal goodneſs which does truly tend
To my advice, I'le own you as my friend;
And if my future fortunes chance to fall
In ballance with my wiſh, I only ſhall
Gaze at a diſtance, with a pleaſing view,
And look upon thoſe fortunes through you;
But ſince extreamities does now require
Action, not words, I'le ceaſe, and we'l retire;
But ſtay, I know not where, for ſince that day
I loſt my ſelf, I never found my way,
But hark, what noiſe is this that ſeems t'affright
My new-come ſenſe, come, let's provide for flight;
Flight, oh moſt horrid, oh moſt diſmall word
That cuts and wounds much deeper then a Sword,
(Reply'd the Knight) and if I meet with Foes
That dare encounter, I ſhall dare oppoſe

Could

Could they command the *Cyclops* to impail
And guard them round, I'd dye, or elſe prevail;
Look here *Dimagoras* (taking by the hand
His dear *Celania*, canſt thou underſtand
Theſe ſpeaking looks, whoſe very thoughts ad-
The dulleſt Soul above the reach of chance; (vance
But let's retire, for hark, the noiſe I hear
Encreaſes more, becauſe it draws more near;
Let's haſt to yonder valley, where a while
I'le leave my dear *Celania* to beguile
The time with Prayers, and if you pleaſe, my Lord
Dimagoras, but to favour and afford
Your chearful company to my divine
And dear *Celania*, you will much incline
My heart to thank you; and for thee my ſweet
And moſt indulgent Love, could I but meet
With thy conſent, how quickly would I fly
Upon my Foes, and bring thee victory,
But ah thoſe ſilent Streames that trickle down
Thy too too liquid Cheeks do almoſt drown
My hopes in deep deſpair, thy tears (my Dear)
Are worſe then poyſned darts, and do appear
Like Seas (but more outragious) for the flood
Of thy moiſt eye is not to be withſtood,
And if the ſullen world would learn t'invent
A way to kill me, let it but conſent

To woe thee to a tear, a frown, a cry,
And let me ſee't, and then, I conquer'd dye,
Then clear thoſe clouded Skies, and let me ſee
The Sun-ſhine of a ſmile, and I will be
More joyful then thoſe *Perſians* which adore
The riſing Sun, grant this, I'le ask no more,
Nor canſt thou grant a greater boon then this,
For ah thy ſmiles, my Joy, are all my bliſs,
Ah do not ſpeak in tears, nor let a glut
Of ſighs make ſorrow cheap, each ſigh does cut
My very intralls, and my wounded heart
Transfixt with briny tears begins to ſmart;
'Tis in thy power t'extenuate my cares,
Cure me with ſmiles, or kill me with thy tears.
Have ye not ſeen with what a watry eye
After a ſhower the Sun begins to prye
Upon the earth, as if his baſhful ray
Were grown aſham'd to look upon the day,
Even ſo *Celania* gazed on the face
Of *Amorenzo* with a baſhful grace,
Before the luſtre of whoſe eye there ſtood
(Ready to be diſſolv'd into a flood)
Some Chryſtall bubbles which Eclip'ſt her light,
And ſometimes dropt, yet would not rain down-
But at the laſt, poor Lover, ſhe confines [right
Her tears, and for a time ſhe ſpoke by ſigns,

But

But when ſhe ſaw that *Amoronzo* went
To arm himſelf, ſad Lady, then ſhe ſent
Both words, and ſighs, and tears, whilſt in her arms
She held him faſt, and thus begun her charms.
Dear *Amoronzo* why doſt thou deceive me,
Pretend to love, and yet intend to leave me,
Oh ſpeak my joy, tell me my high-priz'd Treaſure
What have I done to merit thy diſpleaſure?
Alas thy poor *Celania* never knew
Diſloyal flames, and when ſhe proves untrue
To *Amoronzo*, may ſhe ever be
A Proſtitute to luſtful villanie;
But ah (my Deareſt) ſay what mean thoſe Arms
Thoſe Symptomes of departure, what Alarms
Hath lately frightned thee to theſe extreames,
'Tis too, too true, oh that they were but dreams:
Thou ſhalt not go, oh pity my ſad heart,
I'd rather dye, then let my life depart.
The trembling wretch that's thrown into the deep
Unſenſible of what he does, will keep
Faſt hold of what he takes, as loath to dye,
Ah ſo does he my Love, and thus do I:
Couldſt thou but ſpell my ſighes & read my tears,
Thou ſoon wouldſt apprehend how many fears
Flow in upon me, for alas I know
Nothing but grief (my Dear) thou ſhalt not go.

Oh that my tears were manacles to bind thee
Unto my Soul, then were I ſure to find thee,
Dear do not leave me, but let pity move
Thy hand to kill, or elſe thy heart to Love,
For be aſſur'd there's nothing can delay
My ſpeedy ruine, but thy ſpeedy ſtay;
But ſince thy pleaſure muſt be done, not mine,
Dear *Amoronzo* I muſt thus———decline
And ſo farewell. Thus being almoſt drown'd
In floods of grief, ſhe gently kiſt the ground;
With that the almoſt broken-hearted Lover
Whoſe dear affections caus'd him to diſcover
A world of ſorrow, rais'd her from the ground
And with the Balſom of a kiſs made ſound
Her bleeding heart, and when he had divorſt
Rude Paſſion from her ſenſe. He thus diſcourſt.

Tell me my dear *Celania*, why doſt thou
Intail ſuch ſorrows on thy ſtormy brow,
Believe me Deareſt, if I ſhould deny
To love thy virtues, I deſerv'd to dye:
The convertible terms of life and love
Meet both in me, my Joy, and if I prove
Unkind to thee, oh may all Plagues combine
To meet in one, and afterwards prove mine;
Doſt thou not hear how danger does approach
And will, if not prevented, ſoon encroach

Upon

Upon our ſafeties, therefore, now, my Dear,
Let looſe my cloſe-lockt arm, and ſtay thou here
Till my return, which queſtionleſs will be
Crown'd with the joy of happy victorie,
Sigh not my Dear, believe't, each ſigh propounds
Unto my Soul more then a thouſand wounds,
Come let this welcome parting kiſs expreſs
And ſeal th'aſſurance of a good ſucceſs.
Farewell, farewell———————————

———————————*Dimagoras* all this while
Stood lab'ring, as it were, to reconcile
Himſelf to his own thoughts, but wit and art
Were in-ſufficient to defend his heart
From ſervile fear, his very Looks expreſt
The diſmall horrour of a throbbing breſt,
Although to him no danger could appear,
He fear'd, becauſe he know not what to fear;
So he that ſhould have taught *Celania*'s heart
To reſt contented, caus'd his own to ſmart
And with a trembling hand he ſmote his breſt,
He ſigh'd, nay worſe, he ſobb'd, and thus expreſt.
Shall triffling honour make me to diſpoſe
My life unto the pleaſure of my Foes:
Suppoſe that *Amoronzo* chance to fall
In this encounter, how ſhould I inthrall

Both life and ſafety, for when they ſhall ſee
Celania accompany'd with me,
Their preſent fury will be ſure to light
Upon my head, I'le therefore ſave by flight
What I ſhall loſe by ſtay, but if ſo be
That *Amoronzo* ſhould return, and ſee
His dear *Celania* weeping all alone
And I (ſuppos'd her Comforter) am gone,
What then? but I'le not ſtay, me-thinks I hear
A thouſand Swords now claſhing in my ear;
Farewell to Antique honour, 'tis at life
I aim, I hate this honourable ſtrife,
Ile haſten to yon Cave, and there I'le lye
And hug my ſelf in bleſt ſecurity.

Dimagoras being gone, there ſeem'd t'ariſe
A glimmering joy, (which blu'ht through extaſies
Of grief and care) In poor *Celania*'s face,
Glad that *Dimagoras* had left the place:
But this, this ſhort-liv'd joy did quickly end,
Her thoughts being buſied on her abſent friend,
Her ſad expecting heart begun to grow
Into extreams, her pallid lips let flow
A flood of language: If the Reader pleaſe
T'obſerve the ſtreams, they are moſt ſadly theſe.

Ah me, and then ſhe ſigh'd, alas, and there
She wept, ſad heart, and then ſhe dry'd that tear

With

With a ſuceeding ſigh: Oh ſtormy weather!
She wept, and ſigh'd, ſhe ſigh'd, & wept together,
The ſenſleſs rocks at each alternate groan
Did ſeem to Sympathize, and ſadly moan;
My Dear, my Life ſhe cryes, my All, nay more,
If more may be, oh how I could adore
Thy empty ſhaddow, but I wiſh in vain
For that which is impoſſible to gain,
He's gone, he's gone, & there ſhe wrang her hands
And tore her hair, whil'ſt on her cheeks there
The fruitful Iſſue of her brim fill'd eyes, [ſtands
To Emblemize her real miſeries;
She breath'd a while, but only to obtain
The more advantage how to grieve again.
Have ye obſerv'd a Tempeſt how it ſeems
A preſent calm, yet ſuddenly redeems
A greater force, and with a ſturdy blaſt
Gives ſatisfaction for the time that's paſt:
Even ſo *Celania* muſters up her fears,
Prologu'd with ſighes, and Epilogu'd with tears,
And with full-blaſted ſorrow ſhe prevailes
Againſt her ſelf, and thus her ſelf aſſailes.
Her trembling hand tears off her flaxen hair,
And ſmites her Ivory breſt, as if it were
Ordained for that uſe, and then ſhe vents
In ſighes, the grandure of her diſcontents,

And

And then the tides of paſſion overflow
The banks of reaſon, ſhe reſolves to go
She knows not where, but yet the place ſeems bleſt
Becauſe it entertain'd ſo ſweet a Gueſt
As *Amoronzo*, nay; the ſenſeleſs ground
Where he had ſate, her ſilent eyes had drown'd
In briny floods, at laſt, her ſtore being ſpent,
Paſſion prevailed, and away ſhe went;
She went away, yet at a diſtant ſpace
She oft would ſtand, and gaze upon the place,
Fuel'd with two extreames, her Soul did burn,
Firſt to depart, and after to return,
If ſhe departed, then her grief would ſtray
Into a madneſs that ſhe went away,
And if ſhe ſtaid, ſorrow would more enſnare
Her heart, for *Amoronzo* was not there:
Will it not prove a Paradox to ſay
Celania ſtay'd, and yet ſhe went away,
She had (poor Lady) when ſhe did depart
Progreſſive feet, a retrograding heart,
But ſhe is gone, judg, Reader, how oppreſt
Being misfortunes ſad, and chiefeſt Gueſt,
What hand, what Pen can copy out her woe
That knows not where, nay, hardly how to go;
Is it not pity then to leave her here
In a ſtrange place, where all things do appear

Like

Like ſad Conſpirators and there conſpire
To make encroaching miſery intire;
Poor Lady I muſt leave her, yet I know
Her pardon will perſue me, for I go
To meet her *Amorozo*, who is now
Return'd with conqueſt ſhining on his brow:
But to relate the combate, or each blow
His valour, and the courage of his Foe,
Would prove too tedious, 'tis enough that we
Find him return'd with dear-bought victorie.
Accept kind Reader, what is now expreſt,
When time ſhall ripen thou ſhalt taſte the reſt.
Poor Lover, with what joy his haſty feet
Approach'd the place with longing hopes to meet
His dear *Celania*, but his nimble eye
Lightning with flamy looks, could not eſpye
His hearts chief Object, then his thoughts begin
To be diſturb'd, and mutiny within,
He now inclines to fear he knows not what,
Sometimes he thinks on this, ſometimes on that,
But at the laſt with a dejected look
He ſpies her glove, which he moſt ſadly took
And recommended to his lips, and there
Sate down, and bath'd it in an amorous tear:
Thou conſort of my Soul ſayes he, what place
Is now ſo bleſt to entertain the grace

Of

Of thy delightful preſence, oh that I
Were half ſo bleſt to be a Stander by;
Why ſtay'ſt thou from me, and doſt not appea
Thou ſeemſt far off, but yet I hope th'art near;
Wrong not my hopes, let me not be forſook,
For I am almoſt famiſh'd for a look,
Appear, appear, and let no longer ſtay
Affront my hopes (my Deareſt) come away,
Ah muſt thy longing *Amoronzo* ſit
Cloth'd with diſpair, why comſt not, what, not yet;
Not yet, art thou aſleep? Then dream my Dear,
That thy beloved *Amoronzo*'s here,
He's here, and laden with as much diſtreſs
As either heart can wiſh, or tongue expreſs;
I'le wait a while, perhaps it is thy will
To ſteal upon me unawarres, and fill
My thoughts with ſudden joy, thou doſt me wrong
For I expect too ſoon, thou ſtay'ſt too long:
With that, he caſt his prying eyes about,
Hoping to find his dear *Celania* out,
But all in vain, for fortune which did mean
To dwell ſome time upon this troubled Scene,
Preſented him an object, which indeed
Caus'd not his eyes to weep, but heart to bleed:
The wind, being then in love, did ſeem t'adore,
And play with that *Celania* had tore

From

From her diſtracted head, I mean the fair
And bounteous wealth of her neglected hair,
Which *Amoronzo* ſpying, with a mind
Enrag'd he run, and ſnatch'd it from the wind;
Half mad, becauſe quite angry, he begins
To take the wind with multiplyed ſins.
Thou impious nothing, how durſt thou (cryes he)
Play with a relique of more ſanctitie
Then can be utter'd, if to be you muſt
Be ſportful, go, and wanton with the duſt:
But thus this Lover minding more the pleaſure
Of his own fury, loſt his new-got treaſure;
For angry *Boreas* in a high diſdain
Inforc'd it from his trembling hand again,
Away it flew, he gaz'd, and then begun
To ſtart away, reſolving to out-run
The winged wind, and for *Celania*'s ſake
He almoſt loſt his breath, to win the Stake,
By this approv'd example we may find,
The wings of Love, are ſwifter then the wind.
After this firſt, ſhort conflict, he retreats
Unto his former ſtation, where he ſeats
His melancholly ſelf, and then his heart
Begins to fall into the ſecond part
Of his firſt grief, that ſorrow, which before
Spoke all by whiſpers, now begins to roar,

Poor Lover, he deſpairs, for having found
Her gloves, her hair, her partlet on the ground
He falls from ſighs, to words, from words, to tears;
From tears, to groans, and then at laſt deſpairs:
Deſpair, that worſt of evils, now ſits crown'd
Queen regent in his thoughts, his thoughts abound
With ſeveral contradictions, nay, the wind
Is conſtant, if compared to his mind,
Sometimes he thought, for fear, ſhe had bin fled
Into ſome Cave; and then, he thought her dead:
He looks upon her glove, and in concluſion
He thought himſelf into a ſad confuſion:
At laſt inclining to a ſerious pauſe,
He then reſolv'd *Dimagoras* was the cauſe,
Then like a fierce Revenger, he perſues
His name to death, whilſt every thought renews
Revengful thoughts, & with his ſharp-edg'd wrath
Wounds him with curſes, ſtabs him with an oath,
Accurſed hour (cryes he) when firſt my eyes
Obſerv'd that Monſter of all villanies,
Could not his former deeds inſtruct my thoughts
To have a care, could not his latter faults,
Induce me to diſtruſt him, well, I'le trace
The world but I'le revenge this foul diſgrace.
But ah *Celania* how can I expect
Thy pardon, that have us'd thee with neglect,

Unhandſom

Unhandſom Fate, if *Amoronzo* live
Heav'ns grant it be to practiſe how to give
A due reward to him whoſe very name:
Poyſons my Soul, and fills my cheeks with ſhame;
I'le run, and ranſack all the world about
Not ſparing, Hell it ſelf, to find thee out,
And queſtion not but thy malicious fate
Will ſtill preſerve thee to endure my hate;
Good fortune be my guide I'le not delay
Nor laviſh time, but preſently away:
Where now we'l leave him, for *Dimagoras* cryes
To be diſcover'd in his miſeries.

It ſo fell out that the *Arcadian* King
And all his Nobles, (as a uſual thing
For relaxation of their minds) did ride
One day a hunting, when there was eſpy'd
A hideous Bear lye lurking in the ſhade
Watching her prey, but that the Huntſmen made
A near approach, and with a dexterous Art
Did almoſt wound this Monſter to the heart:
The Bear thus wounded makes a ſpeedy flight
Being cloſe perſu'd: The Huntſmen with delight
Obſerv'd her windings, but half ſpent, ſhe took
Into a Thicket, and by chance forſook
Her cloſe Perſuers, till at laſt betray'd
By her own blood, the careful Huntſmen made

What

What ſpeed they could, and forc'd her to retire
Into a Cave, whilſt they forthwith conſpire
T'intrape their gain, making where ſhe ſhould paſs
A ſecret Concave mantl'd o're with graſs,
Stopping all paſſages, that ſhe muſt ſtay
Cloſe penn'd up in the Cave, or paſs that way:
At laſt ſhe roar'd as able to affright
The eager Huntſmen from their cloſe delight;
But on a ſudden they unſtopt the Cave
Expecting by her ſpeedy flight, to have
The end of their deſires, to which intent
They watch'd the place & (more then uſual) ſpent
An hour in patience, and at laſt ſurrounded
The Cave, and moſt confuſedly they ſounded
Their ſeveral Horns, but nothing could expreſs
The leſt reſemblance of a quick ſucceſs:
At laſt th'impatient Huntſmen curſt and ſwore
At their ill fortune, thinking to give o're,
But yet reſolving firſt to ſeek about
Thinking their ill-lookt Pris'ner might get out
At ſome concealed place, but when their eyes
Had ſatisfy'd their hearts, they ſoon deviſe
A new deſign, which queſtionleſs had caus'd
Th'effecting of their wills had they not paus'd,
Or rather ſtarted at, a ſudden cry
That ſeem'd to be, they know not where, nor why;

At laſt they hearkening with a ſtricter ear,
Being almoſt half aſtoniſhed, did hear
A dreadful noiſe, which iſſued from the Cave
And made th'expecting Huntſmen madly rave
And curſe their Fate, forbearing not to ſwear
It was a man enchaunted to a Bear:
Whil'ſt they were thus diſcourſing, there appears
A Monſter (as they thought) compos'd of fears,
Who, careleſs of himſelf, with ſpeed came running
Out of the Cave, perceiving not the cunning
Of his amazed Foes, but quickly fell
As he ſuppos'd, into the jaws of Hell,
Which they perceiving, ſoon begun to ban,
And vow the Bear was turn'd into a man;
Yet for the better ſatisfaction, they
Ran to the Cave, where they obſerv'd there lay
The ugly Monſter, buried in the flood,
The little Ocean of her reeking blood:
Finding her dead, immediately they went
Unto the King. declaring the event
Of their deſigns, who forthwith gave command
That they in ſilence for a time ſhould ſtand
About the pit, and there expect that night
The future Iſſue of ſo ſtrange a ſight:
Th'obedient Huntſmen nimble to obey
Their Kings command made preſent ſpeed away:

And ſo arriving at the place, they made
Silence their friend, which ſuddenly betray'd
Sad groans unto their ears, and doleful cryes,
Ballaſt with oaths, and wing'd with blaſphemies:
At laſt they heard a voice, much more enlarg'd
And more diſtinct, which ſuddenly diſcharg'd
It ſelf into theſe words, unhappy I,
The abſtract of unpattern'd villany,
Why was I born, ſince all things thus agree
To make compleated miſery in me?
Or elſe is life and death late grown at odds,
Which ſhall torment me moſt? and are the Gods
Spectators of my woes? muſt I endure
The Plagues of two ſuch ills, and not procure
The leaſt refreſhment? ah *Parthenia*, now
Thou takeſt revenge at large, but when wilt thou
Abreviate my Sorrows, that I may
See but the twy-light of one ſmiling day;
For now I am in Hell, but here I find
No Divel but my ſelf, and yet my mind
And Soul is tortur'd, nay I ſee no light
Nor know no darkneſs, my diſtracted ſight
Poſſeſſes me with ſuch a double being
That I am blind in light, in darkneſs, ſeeing,
And here I live perplexed with a doubt
How I got in, but harder, to get out:

How

How happy had I been, if I had ſtay'd
With ſad *Celania* in the pleaſing ſhade,
Perhaps the Gods would then ſome pity take
If not for mine, for their *Celania*'s ſake;
But I, unhappy wretch, nay moſt unkind
Unto my friend, whoſe goodneſs was confin'd
To my diſtreſs, yet baſely did I prove
(Prompted by fear) falſe t'*Amoronzo*'s Love
His dear *Celania*; but alas too late
I here bewail my miſerable ſtate.
Now envy, hatred, malice, all contrive
To do your worſts, but keep me not alive,
Alas I cannot grieve for what is paſt,
As faſt as you torment, I'le curſe as faſt.
Th'impatient Huntſmen, having thus endur'd
Their Kings commands, at length were well aſſur'd
The voice was humane, ſo, they having made
Nearer approach, they thus begun, and ſaid.
What art thou, ſay what art thou, thus conſtraines
Our hearts to pity? who is that complains
Of his misfortune? If thou art a Man,
Deſire our aide, we'l help thee if we can,
Starve not the iſſue of a good ſucceſs,
They're fools that muſt be courted from diſtreſs;
Be free, and anſwer, let's not long expect,
Favours prove curſes when they find neglect:

To which he (hearkening with a willing ear,
Tim'rous to ſpeak, becauſe afraid to hear)
At laſt reply'd: And can the Gods incline
To ſo much pity? ah this heart of mine
Dares not prove ſo much traytour to the ſtate
I am now in, as fondly to create
The meaneſt reliſh of a hope, for me
That am the copy of all miſerie,
The Current of my woes are too too ſtrong
To be reſiſted, do me not that wrong
What e're ye are, as to perſwade my breſt
That I ſhall ever be ſo fully bleſt,
As to be meanly miſerable, no,
My ebb of happineſs, muſt never flow;
But if the pleaſing Streams of ſweet relief
Should drop upon me, 'tis beyond belief:
Alas I dare not give ſo large a ſcope
To my own thoughts, to credit my own hope;
For 'tis well known (eſpecially to me)
The ground of hope is poſſibility:
I'le ſay no more, he is excus'd to grieve
That has no faith to hope, nor to believe:
The cloſe Attendants hearing this diſcourſe,
Being fully fraught, and laden with remorſe,
Deſcend the Pit, deſiring him to be
Aſſiſtant to his own felicitie,

But

But he whoſe banck-rupt hopes had lately found
The horror of deſpair, could not propound
The leaſt of comfort to himſelf, the more
He was perſwaded, he the leſs gave o'r
His helliſh noiſe——————————

——————————Ye Furies that are ſent
Cry'd he, to adde unto my punithment, [curſe
Draw near and hark with what a grace I'le (worſe
And ſcorn theſe Plagues which cannot make me
Could ye ſhoot fire and brimſtone from your eyes
Into my Soul, oh how I would deſpiſe
Such triffling torments, go, and bluſh to ſee
Ye are out-divel'd by my miſerie;
But ſtay, what ſtrange, what new-created light
Is this that courteth my amazed ſight?
What meanes this ſudden change? or does a dream
Poſſeſs my brain, can nothing but extream
Delight or grief aſſault me, ſince my Fate
Is ſo much checquor'd, I'le a while await,
And with a patient quietneſs expect
Future events, but as for your reſpects
That ſtand before me, if good fortune chance
To fall upon me, I'le not fail t'advance
The merit of your worth; for though I lye
Lockt in the Arms of tyrant miſerie,

Yet my eſtate and ample fortunes are
Exuberant to my wiſh, but I'le forbear
This fond diſcourſe, be ſerious, tell me then,
Are ye not Divels in the ſhapes of men?
Pray tell me true? for they that go about
To do me good, muſt ſtrive to help me out
Of this Infernal place, that ſo I may
Once more behold the pleaſure of a day:
To which they ſaid: Sir if you pleaſe to truſt
Your ſafety in our hands, we will be juſt,
And by a ſpeedy means we'l ſet you free,
From this moſt ſad, and blind captivity;
Follow us then, and you ſhall quickly know
That we intend your good, pray let us go.
Away they went, and when the welcome light
Had bleſt their eyes, they all imploy'd their ſight
To gaze upon him, in whoſe looks they ſaw
That fear kept all his faculties in aw,
Away they led him to the King, and told
What they had heard, and how he did unfold
The nature of his grief, and that his heart
(For loſt *Celania's* ſake) endur'd a ſmart
Extreamly great, becauſe as he expreſt,
He left her weeping wofully diſtreſt:
He mention'd *Amoronzo*, and his tongue
Declar'd, 'twas he that did *Parthenia* wrong,

Which

Which words we plainly hearing thought it meet,
To bring him to be proſtrate at the feet
Of your renowned Majeſty, that ſo
You might by his confeſſion truly know
Where fair *Celania* (your dear Neece) was fled,
To which intention we have hither led
And here we leave him, joyful that our art
Procur'd this news to your contriſted heart;
At which the King with a delightful look
Commands him to him, and when he had took
A ſtrict Survey of his moſt gaſhful face,
He knew it was *Dimagoras* whoſe diſgrace
Made him ſo odious to the eyes of all
The Standers by, that they begun to ſpawl
And ſpit upon him, biding him confeſs
Where loſt *Celania* was, and what diſtreſs
He left her in, and then they would incline
To moderation, and with ſpeed, confine
Their preſent fury, but if he deny'd
What they requir'd, he ſhould prepare t'abide
As many plagues as miſchief could invent:
To which *Dimagoras* gave a free conſent,
And ſaid. I ſaw (I muſt confeſs 'tis true)
Both *Amoronzo* and *Celania* too,
But where they were at preſent did exceed
The power of his knowledg, for the ſpeed

Of his departure, made him not enquire
Of their deſigns, nor where they would retire;
But *Amoronzo* fled, I know not why,
Nor to what place, whil'ſt ſad *Celania*'s eye
Drench'd her diſcolour'd cheeks in briny tears,
And with a ſtorm of ſighes expreſt her fears,
But all in vain, for he, hard-hearted he
Slighted her ſad, her groaning miſerie,
And ſo he left her (oh my heart did burn)
Without the leaſt engagement to return.
He being gone, my weak endeavours ſtrove
To make her quit the ſolatory Grove
Wherein he left her, and forbear to vent
Such floods of tears for him that was content
To leave her in diſtreſs, but all in vain,
The more I ſu'd, the leſs ſhe would retain
The good of my perſwaſions, but did woe
My preſent abſence, that her grief might flow
Without controlement, ſo at laſt I took
Unwilling leave, and preſently forſook
The diſmall place, and left her cloſe confin'd
To the ſtrict limits of a troubled mind,
Poor Lady, thus I left her all alone
For ah her looks engag'd me to be gone,
And this is all my knowledg can relate
Of her (poor Lady) too too ridged ſtate,

To

To which the King, with an enraged brow
Reply'd, if this be all you can allow
Our expectations, you ſhall be our gueſt
Till time and torture make you ſpeak the reſt;
Haſte him away, our leiſure ſhall compoſe
A plot to make him ſpeak the truth he knows.
Where now we'l leave him, & tranſplant our eyes
From his, to more concerning miſeries,
I mean our ſad *Celania*, whoſe diſtreſs
May coſt you tears to read, me to expreſs.

The end of the firſt Book.

THE

THE Second Book.

COme ſad *Melpomene*, it is thy part
To teach me to decipher ſuch a heart
As ſorrow never knew, nor envious Fate
Could ever dare to boaſt of, till of late;
Come, give me tears for ink, and ink, for tears;
An iron pen, that may ingrave the fears,
The woes of our *Celania*: Come, be brief,
A world of tears may drown a world of grief:
And you ſad hearted Ladies that have known
Th'extreams of love, let now your tears be ſhown;
It is, me-thinks, the leaſt that ye can do,
(For every word) to drop a tear or two.
Sighs, tears, and groans, were ever known to be
Loves proper Method, Cupids *Diarie*
Confirms this truth, moreover, he declares
That Lovers hearts are circumſcrib'd with cares;
If any juſtly can this truth deny,
'Tis Cupid's in an error, and not I.

The

The Streams of Love run ſwifter than——but ſtay
Hark, our *Celania* groans, my Muſe, away.
Bad tidings makes ſad hearts, th'unwelcom news
Of her unheard of ſufferings cannot chuſe
But raiſe a tempeſt in each tender heart;
For ſhe, poor Lady, felt th'increaſing ſmart
Of *Amoronzo*'s abſence, and her breath
Proclaim'd his abſence was the preſent death
Of all her comforts, and ſhe wept, as 'twere
By Patent, Seal'd with ſad and black deſpair;
'Twas ſhe that taught the Turtle how to morn
For her abſented Mate, 'twas ſhe, forlorn,
Diſtreſſed Lady, that did firſt intice
The twatling Eccho to the avarice
Of imitation, every groan ſhe ſpent
Out of the Store-houſe of her breſt, was ſent
Trebbl'd into the world. The Eccho took
Such pleaſure in her name, that ſhe forſook
Her naturall voice, but yet ſhe was to blame
So much to wanton with her amorous name
Had *Amoronzo* heard it, earth had bin
Too ſmall a circle to contain him in,
Nay, and *Celania* too, would often cry,
Who dare uſe *Amoronzo*'s name but I;
And thus this bablingNymph would ſtill proclaim
And run diviſion on his pleaſing name,

As

As if ſhe had (for poor *Celania*'s ſake)
Cry'd him throughout the world, but could not
Return of his abode, ſo by conſent (make
They both agreed to groan in diſcontent,
Under the ſhadow of a ſpreading tree,
Whoſe drooping branches made it ſeem to be
A Nurſery of grief, *Celania* plac'd
Her melancholly life, whoſe preſence grac'd
The kindneſs of the place, which now ſeem'd bleſt
In entertaining ſo divine a Gueſt.
But by and by, there chanc'd to paſs that way
A greedy Lyon, roaring for his prey,
Who gazing on *Celania*, made a ſtand
(As if her eyes had given counter-mand
To his deſigns) and ſtar'd upon her face,
Whil'ſt ſhe, whoſe Innocency gave a grace
To every look, undauntedly expreſt
A welcom entertainment to her Gueſt:
But ſee what graceful Majeſty doth lye
Within the circuit of a harmleſs eye;
The Lyon ſeem'd ſo ſatisfied, that he
Forgot to hunger, and began to be
As 'twere enamor'd, and would not commence
His bloody ſuite againſt her Innocence,
But fawning on her, ſeemed to expreſs
An inward ſorrow for her ſad diſtreſs,

Sad

Sad Lady, ſhe amazed at the ſight
Begun as 'twere to take ſome ſad delight
In her Companion, and would gently clap
His ſturdy head which in her tender lap
He ſoftly laid, by which we truly ſee
The Lyon and the Lamb may well agree:
Nor yet could this ſtrange accident remove
Her wandring thoughts from her endeared Love,
But ſtill her tears were ſadly ſubſequent
Unto her ſighes: at laſt away ſhe went,
Leaving (as ſhe ſuppos'd) her fawning friend
Lockt up in ſleep

She had not pac'd much ground, but ſhe eſpy'd
Two, which in running towards her, had diſcry'd
The plenty of her beauty, which enforc'd
Their ſpeedy ſtay, who ſtaying, thus diſcours'd:
'Tis not to court you Madam, nor to ſtray
Into vain words enforc'd us to this ſtay,
But 'tis t'enjoy our pleaſures, therefore do
What our perſwaſions ſhall adviſe you to,
Or elſe we ſhall (to ſhorten our diſcourſe)
What you deny to yield, command by force,
At which the Lady (half diſtracted) cry'd
I will not yield, nor can the Gods abide
So much impiety, but they will ſend
A ſpeedy vengeance, e're ye can befriend

Or

Or ſatisfie your luſts, the Gods are juſt,
And hate, although it be well worded luſt,
Therefore deſiſt, except ye will proceed
Unto my death, for that's the nobler deed;
Kill me, and welcom, but defile me not,
Luſt is a living ſtain, and death no blot:
To which they both moſt deſperately reply'd
They that reſolve to do cannot abide
The leaſt perſwaſions, yield, and ſo deprive
Danger of ſad effects, nay do not ſtrive
Nor cry, for know, this diſmall place affords
No ears to entertain imploring words,
Yield then without compulſion: Give me leave
Reply'd *Celania*, ere ye do bereave
And rob me of my treaſure, but to take
A ſilent leave of what I muſt forſake,
And then I ſhall ſubmit unto your luſt,
Or yield my ſelf a Sacrifice to duſt:
She ſtept aſide, and cry'd, Heav'n be my ſhield,
I neither dare, nor can, nor will I yield,
Look up, look up vile Creatures, and behold
A ſwelling Cloud even ready to unfold
It ſelf in vengeance, for ye may be ſure
The Gods will not behold, and yet endure,
Deſiſt, and let your paſſions be allay'd,
For they will ſhield what they themſelves have [made,

I mean mine innocence, and therefore know
I will be chaſt becauſe they made me ſo,
And they which truly call upon the Gods
In their diſtreſs, have more than trebble odds
Againſt their Foes.——————————

——————————You rather blow the fire
By this diſcourſe, then quench our hot deſire
They both reply'd, come, come, we have done
To our deſires in keeping them ſo long [wrong
Without their natural food, nay do not ſtrive,
Let virtue dye, but keep your ſelf alive:
Nay leave thoſe tempting cryes, for know, that ear
You call unto, is deaf, and will not hear;
Heaven is a great way off: 'Twill ſo appear
To you in mercy, but in Judgment, near,
Reply'd *Celania*; for I'm ſure, and know
The Gods are juſt in all their actions——Oh,
And as ſhe cry'd that Oh, Oh they diſcry'd
A roaring Lyon which did ſoon divide
Their thoughts from their intents, for they begun
To leave their baſe beginnings and to run
To ſave their lives, repenting of their crime,
(Strange alteration in ſo ſhort a time!)
But ſhe, poor Lady, laden with remorſe
Did, whil'ſt her time permitted, thus diſcourſe.

I grieve, ſaid ſhe, to ſee the ſtate y'are in,
Heavens couchant Judgment, finds your rampant ſin,
Think not t'avoyd by running what ye'l meet
Your hands are now more uſeful then your feet.
'Tis truth, they both reply'd, and now we muſt
Joyntly confeſs the Gods are good and juſt:
But ſee our Executioner draws nigh,
And we muſt yield, for 'tis in vain to flie;
With that the Lady (being pity ſtrook)
Obſerve, ſayes ſhe, I'le charm him with a look,
He ſhall not hurt; for know, the Gods can be
To pity, as to puniſh equall free;
With that, as if her eyes had ſent a charm
Into the Tyrants heart, he did no harm,
But gently lay'd him at her feet, to ſhow
The humble meekneſs of a Convert Foe.
Even as the wretch condemn'd, that finds reprieve
Cannot at preſent well forget to grieve,
But with a quivering heart, does firſt diſplay
The colours of his joy; even ſo did they
(Both timorouſly joyful) thus proclaim
The goodneſs of *Celania*, and their ſhame.
Admired goodneſs, that can thus engage
The angry Gods to mitigate their rage
To us, that by juſt Judgment were decreed
To ſpeedy death, but by free mercy, free'd!

For which (moſt divine Lady) unto you
(After the Gods) we muſt acknowledge due
The mercy of our lives, for our attempt
We here confeſs, moſt juſtly might exempt
Your heart from pity, but in you, we found
A ſoveraign Balſom, in our ſelves a wound,
A deadly wound, which to departing breath
Is far more harſh, more terrible then death,
We ſee our grim-lookt Martial, how he lyes
Subjected at your feet, and dare not riſe
To execute that fury which is prone
To him by nature, but doth now diſowne
Nature it ſelf, converted to fulfill
The gracious pleaſure of your virtuous will.
Oh what a ſudden alteration's bred!
Here lyes a Lyon, but his nature's fled!
But Madam, ſince 'tis ſo, that unto you
The worthleſs tribute of our lives are due,
Command us what you pleaſe, and you ſhall find
Us ready, nay, and winged like the wind
To execute your pleaſure, Madam, theſe
Are only words, command us what you pleaſe,
And by our quick obedience you ſhall ſee
The true effects of our integritie,
Injoyn us to ſome pennance, that we may
T'expiate our crimes be forc'd t'obey,

For (pardon our boldness Madam) we discry
Hard, and misterious Characters in your eye,
Which we, by your permission, will unfold,
And tell you that which never yet was told:
We'l take the liberty without consent
To say, we know you groan in discontent,
And so does he, that is the dayly food
Of your affections, Madam, 'tis not good
To dwell upon delayes; in short, we know
You love even to despair, and that your woe
Is bleeding new: And that it may appear,
Madam, believe, that *Amoronzo*'s here,
I mean in wish, I would not have him nigh,
Except his dear *Celania* were by,
Whom we suppose you are, or else his tongue
By false description, Madam, did you wrong;
For 'twas our hapless fortunes to be near
Unto his groans, when we did sadly hear
The thunder of his passion (oh hard hap)
And then a sigh would usher in each clap
Like flames or lightning, sometimes he would say,
My Dearest, oh divine *Celania*!
Here, here, thy tortur'd *Amoronzo* lyes
Bewitch'd to death by his own miseries:
Do not believe thy self, if thou shouldst chance
To think me cruel, let thy thoughts advance

To

To better notions, ah my Deareſt, know
The Gods can teſtifie, it is not ſo,
Heav'n knows I love thee—There he ſtopt,&then
Even like a Torrent he brake forth again
And thus expreſt.—— —— —— —— ——

—— ——What Love-ſick-God hath made
An errand from the Heavens, and thus betray'd
My Deareſt from me, oh it was unkind
Unkindly done, to leave me here behind
To weep her abſence, well, the Gods may frown
But I'le unſeile the Heavens, and reach her down;
I cannot breath, for ſhe that is my breath
Is raviſh'd from me, and is now my death,
And there——oh what, reply'd *Celania*, what
If it be death, be ſparing, name it not,
Such ſtories pleaſe me not: Then Madam, know
There he left off to ſpeak, but not to flow
In floods of tears, he being thus diſtreſt,
We ran unto him, made it our requeſt
To know the reaſon of his grief, but he
With a mixt look, reply'd, do ye not ſee
Can ye not ſpell my miſerable ſtate
(Far eaſier to endure, than to relate,)
Perplex me not with queſtions, but be brief,
And tell me, can you mitigate my grief?

Can ye inform me, where th'indeared Gueſt
Of my now widdowed, melancholly breſt
Makes her abode, if this ye can aſſure me,
Ye'l prove Phyſitians, and for ever cure me:
Within the fatal confines of this place
I left her with a Villain, whoſe diſgrace
Black Hell does ſeeme to bluſh at, nay, and I
(The wofull Authour of her tragedy)
Am buried in deſpair, oh horrid truth
Dimagoras was a Villain from his youth;
But I'le purſue the Traytour, nay unhinge
The Cerbrean gates, and bring him to revenge.
Murther does non-plus Hell, which knows not how
To get proviſioary Plagues enough
To puniſh it, but ſtay, behold, oh ſee
Theſe are the grounds of my juſt miſerie,
(Shewing *Celania*'s Partlet, Gloves, and hair)
Then judg, have I not reaſon to deſpair
Sayes he. Thus having laviſhly expended
His profuſe rage, he tore his hair, and ended,
And there we left him, Madam, having now
Expreſt the truth we know, we further bow
To your commands, believe it, we aſſure
Our ſelves, that you do equally endure
The like misfortune, neither do we doubt
By your permiſſion but to finde him out.

Or

Or elſe we'l loſe our ſelves in the purſute,
Then let your Faith encreaſe, and be not mute,
Your ſilence tells us that you love, and we
By our own confidence reſolve 'tis he,
'Tis him you love, then pleaſe for his dear ſake
To be perſwaded, and ſome pity take
Upon your ſelf, believ't, thoſe bluſhes do
Confirm, what we have told you, muſt be true,
Nay, and the more t'eſtabliſh your belief,
We'l tell you what we are—— —— ——

—— —— —— ——Then know in brief
We are *Arcadians*, and from thence we came
Being impowered in your Uncles name
(Our royal King) to ranſack all about
To ſee if we could find *Celania* out;
We had not long purſu'd, but by a chance
We heard which way, and how you did advance
With *Amoronzo*, ſo we ſoon forſook
Our lazy pace, and ſuddenly o'retook
Your moſt renowned Lover, whoſe report
For feats of Armes, ſhall ſpread about the Court
At our return, although it much redown
To our diſparagement, to heap renown
Upon a Stranger, and eclipſe that glory
Which ought t'advance the credit of our ſtory;

If *Mars* had come in perſon to oppoſe
And give encounter to ſo many Foes
So well appointed, he had quickly known
Th'unhappy Fate of being overthrown;
For *Amoronzo* (much like lightning) flew
About our ears, and in a moment ſlew
Our ſtouteſt Leaders: Nothing could aſſwage
Or quench the fire of his conſuming rage;
Our lives were only ſav'd, but not by ſlight,
Or feats of Armes, but by a timely flight,
So that we muſt confeſs our lives were due
To *Amoronzo* firſt, and now to you,
For which, as duty binds us, we ſhall be
Faithful to you in this extreamitie,
But Madam, let us crave, before we fall
To our intentions, that you would recall
Thoſe ill opinions of us which do reſt
Within the Realm of your diſturbed breſt,
Believe us then, we did it but to trye
And prove th'effects of your known Chaſtitie,
And if this be not truth which we declare,
Then may your grim-Attendant ceaſe, and tear
Our perjur'd hearts: Now Madam, if you pleaſe
To walk to more conveniency, and eaſe
Your wearied body, we will forthwith trye
Our chiefeſt skills, to bring a quick ſupply

Of

Of comfort to you, and we hope to find
A Balſom to refreſh your troubled mind:
To which *Celania* without further oath
(Made confident by knowledg of them both)
Reply'd——Extreams of grief and care hath made
This alteration in me, and betray'd
The freedom of my Spirit, yet I dare
With confidence aſſure my ſelf, ye are
Relations to my Uncle, whoſe severe
And more then uſual paſſions, made me fear
The weight of his diſpleaſure, which you know
Falls heavy: Heaven protect me from a Foe
So wrapt in fury, that he is by odds,
Far more implacable than the Gods,
Nor do I think it poſſible for Art
T'allay the flames of his incenſed heart,
And were it in my choice, I'd chuſe to dye
Rather than feel the lightning of his eye;
Therefore, as I ſuppoſe, 'tis much in vain
To waſte your time in lab'ring to obtain
The renovation of his Love. What thing
Can be more fierce than an incenſed King;
This Lyon, if compar'd to him, may be
Eſteem'd a Lamb, experience let's you ſee
That he is pitiful; therefore, return
And leave me here alone, that I may burn

In my own flames: Thus let us end this ſtrife,
Who brings me *Amoronzo*, brings me life:
The noble Knights (for ſo they were) reply'd,
Madam, this truth, is not to be deny'd,
Which you have utter'd; but ſince your diſtreſs
As we conceive, requires a quick redreſs,
Be pleas'd t'accept thoſe proffers which will tend
To your advantage, Madam, do not ſpend
More time, in more delays, the homely place
Of my abode, is not above the ſpace
Of half a League, which by our help, you may
Quickly approach to, Madam, let's away,
And be aſſured that you ſhall command
As free an entertainment as will ſtand
With my eſtate: *Celania*, heavy-hearted,
Conſented ſlowly, ſlowly, ſhe departed;
Where now we'l leave them for a time, and treat
Upon *Dimagoras*, who is now compleat
In his diſtreſs, being buſineſs'd in a ſtrife
Whether to kill himſelf, or loſe his life
By condemnation; for it ſo fell out
That the *Lyconians* gave a totall rout
To the *Arcadian* Army, and purſu'd
Their victory, until they had ſubdu'd
Their chief Commanders, and at laſt they ſent
Unto th'*Arcadian* King, to know th'intent

Of

Of his proceedings, whether he would yield
To their desires, they having won the field;
To which th'inraged King sent this reply.
Know ye Lyconians *that I much despise*
To yield, till death requires, nor is it all
Your strength can make me yield unto your call,
As for your Lord Dimagoras, *who is now*
My Captive, I will quickly make him bow
To my commands, his head, his head shall be
The Prophesie of future victorie
To my recruited Army, therefore know
I am your hearty, your undaunted Foe,

KALANDER.

Having dispatch'd this Message, he retires
And (as his speed commands him) soon requires
Th'Assistance of his Council, to advise
Which way to steer iu these extreamities;
Who being met, considering well the speed
Of their occasions, gravely thus proceed:
Most sacred Sir, perpending well the state
You now are in, we boldly thus debate,
And first grave Sir, we humbly do propose
Life for *Dimagoras*; because your Foes
Being flesht with victory, will quickly be
(If not oppos'd by potent pollicie)

Upon

Upon your quarters, therefore we'l prepare
And make the beſt advantage of his fear,
We have already, ſtrongly nois'd about
That you have lately gave a total rout
To the *Lyconian* Army, and this news
Being poſted to his ears, ſure cannot chuſe
But fright him into any thing, 'tis known
His mungrel diſpoſition dare not own
The leaſt misfortune, therefore we'l preſent
To him (as 'twere by Lanskip) your intent:
We will imploy an Agent who ſhall ſpeak
By circumambitues, and ſlyly break
The Ice of your deſires, by which we'l find
Which way the Byas of his tortur'd mind
Does moſt incline: Thus having laid the ground
Of our deſigns, we quickly can propound
What Fabrick to erect, fear ſeldom's clad
With reaſon to diſtinguiſh good from bad;
Therefore, moſt ſacred Sir, if you approve
Of our advice, we quickly will remove
Your now-incroaching Foes; for we'l indite
And make *Dimagoras* ſign to what we write,
We therefore wait your pleaſure—— ——

—— —— —— ——To which the King
Gravely reply'd, I fear 'twill prove a thing

Of

Of ſmall effect; *Lyconia* does afford
But mean reſpects to him, although their Lord;
Suppoſe he ſhould command them to retire
A League, or two, they'd laugh at his deſire,
For they are now in armes, and are made bold
By victory, and what they get, they'l hold:
'When Subjects once get head, they bid farewell
'To duty, make it conſcience to rebell;
'The ſword knowes no obedience, for it makes
'Diſloyalty a Law, and rudly ſhakes
'Truths Fundamentals, ſeldom wanting friends
'To brandiſh it into ſiniſter ends;
Therefore I well conceive that 'tis unfit
To act by him that has not power, nor wit;
For though it be State-policy, we know
To ſeem unwiſe, 'tis madneſs, to be ſo;
For Stateſ-men muſt, like water-men ſtill ſhow
Their faces Eaſt-ward, when they Weſt-ward row:
But to the purpoſe, 'tis our only way
To labour, by contrivance, how to play
Our after gain, giving them blots by flight,
Which if they hit, they fall, we ſtand upright:
You know, I ſent for aid, which I expect
Within few dayes, therefore I'le not neglect
To proſecute my ends; for I intend
If Fate permit, this very night to ſend

My

My Carriages before, and when the Sun
Gives them intelligence, I'le ſeem to run
With theſe my ſcattered forces, but I'le leave
This Garriſon well man'd, for I perceive
That they intend a ſiege, and to perſue
With their remaining force, which if they do,
I'le flye with ſpeed to the *Olympian* Plains
And joyn with thoſe recrutes, which there remains
In expectation of me, if th'event
Prove well, thank Heav'n, for this is my intent:
As for *Dimagoras*, I will prepare
An Antidote, he ſhall not dye with fear,
I'le cure him with a Meſſage, which ſhall be
Welcome, being ballaſt with his libertie,
He ſhall have freedom to enjoy the air
Under a watchful eye left he deſpair
And ſo we loſe him; for 'tis my intent
To make *Dimagoras* finiſh the event
Be what it will: 'Tis policy to have
In ſuch uncertainties, a royal Slave:
Delay breeds danger, let's away, I long
To be in action; Courage makes us ſtrong.
Reader, I crave thy favour to excuſe
My quick retreat; for know my tim'rous Muſe
Is not ſo military to withſtand
The dreadful thunderings of a Martial hand;

For

For she complains that *Mars* was once before
Discourteous to her, and she'l fight no more
Except——but hark, who calls? *Celania*, how
Celania call? then Reader turn thy brow
From *Mars* to *Venus*, for *Mars* seldom saves,
Nor gives he any other Crowns then Graves:
We'l leave him for a time, and if there be
Occasion that we must return and see
His well flesht shambles, we'l not fear nor run,
'Tis better far to see, then feel what's done.
All you whose Virgin-hearts have never known
The painfull issues of a Love sick groan,
Draw near; and you, whose barren eyes did never
Let fall a tear, come now, and weep for ever;
And you, whose infant eyes could never prove
Or speak the proper Dialects of Love,
Approach, for here are to be taught in brief,
Your hearts, your eyes, your tongues, the rules of grief,
Here breaths your lively copy, you may see
The exact portraiture of miserie;
Observe how every Linament doth speak
Its excellency, and attempts to break
More hearts then she has woes, whose dismal cry
Eccho's; alas, I'm griefs Anatomy,
See how she is disected, how each part
Of her much wounded, yet more constant heart.

Lyes

Lies open to your view, and how each vein
Usurpt by death, lyes bleeding to obtain
That blood-ſtone of her Soul, I mean, her dear
Her deareſt *Amoronzo*, who's more near
Unto her Soul, then all the wealth that can
Be apprehended by the thoughts of Man,
'Tis he muſt cure my pains, ſayes ſhe, or I
Muſt languiſh in his abſence, pine, and dye:
Theſe were *Celania*'s groans, which had more
And more enlarg'd, had not the faſt lockt door
Receiv'd a ſudden knock, which made her ſtay
The current of her grief, and haſte away
To give an entrance, but her thoughts begin
To mutiny, unwilling to let in
Unwelcome newes, ſo drawing back her hand,
Her trembling hand, ſhe made a ſudden ſtand;
And gazing towards the door, ſhe ſaid, muſt I
Muſt I be Porter to my miſery;
No, no I will not, yet I will—but ſtay,
I dare not, oh I dare not, why? I may
And will, I will; Misfortune do thy worſt;
I may be made more bleſt, not more accurſt:
With that ſcarce knowing what ſhe did, ſhe run
Unto the door, and haſtily begun
To turn the Key, but e're ſhe could fulfill
The ſenſleſs pleaſure of her captiv'd will,

She

She heard a voice, a voice, that ſeem'd to bear
(Being made more ſad, more terrible by fear)
A dreadful horror, and it ſeem'd to cry
Harken *Celania*, harken to what I
Shall ſay, fear not, for know, my Meſſage gives
This comfort, that your *Amoronzo* lives,
He lives, but I muſt tell, what's ſadly true,
Voyd of all comforts, but the thoughts of you:
Yet know *Celania*, 'tis my buſineſs hither
To tell you that you muſt meet both together.
But where, or when, or how, that muſt be hid
From both, becauſe I ſtrictly am forbid,
Yet this I'le ſay; it will be ere the Sun
(Times painful journey-man) hath fully run
His three dayes courſe; but I muſt ſadly ſay,
Ye will not know each other, and that day
Will prove unfortunate; for one whoſe name
Stands now recorded in the rolls of ſhame,
Will by an accident, betray and bring
You both before the preſence of the King:
Theſe things muſt happen, and you'l not do well
T'endeavour a prevention: So farewell.
Who ever ſaw a trance revived Soul
With what a ſad aſpect his lips condole
His ridged Fate, that he muſt live to be
As t'were enjoyn'd t'imbrace his miſerie?

Even

Even ſo *Celania* waking from her trance
Crav'd pity by each look, and did advance
Her drooping head, then for a time ſhe ſtood
As loath t'acquaint her ſelf with fleſh and blood,
But at the laſt, death. which did ſeem before
To ſojourn in her eyes, did now reſtore
Lifes due prerogatives, but I'le not wrong
The real truth (though rare) to ſay, her tongue
Was firſt in motion, for her hands, her eyes
Did ſeem to deſcant on her miſeries:
'Tis more then ſtrange, her ſorrows wanting vent
And grown quite lawleſs, had not tore and rent
Her grapling Soul, each ſigh which did depart
Seem'd (like a boyſterous ſtorm) to tear her heart
Up by the roots, at laſt, her ſighs made way
For words (like Pyoneers) and without ſtay
She thus proceeded—— —— —— ——

—— —— —— ——Since the powers above
Have thus reſolv'd to contradict my Love,
It will prove vain to ſtrive, the Gods will do
What their firm reſolutions prompt them to:
Ah muſt theſe eyes of mine behold and ſee
My *Amoronzo*, and not know 'tis he,
Impoſſible! for ſure there cannot riſe
So great a miſt before my feeble eyes:

Lovers

Lovers are ey'd like *Lyncius*, can diſcover
Though wall'd about, their real hearted Lover:
But ſtay, what ſhould this dark Enigma ſhow
(Strange kind of riddle) ſee, and yet not know,
Oh miſerable happineſs! ſad Fate!
See, and not know, did ever wit create
A greater miſtry, well, I'm ſure that I
Shall know him, though it be by Sympathy,
'Tis neither time nor Art can ſo much change
My *Amoronzo*'s looks as to eſtrange
Or bid him from my knowledg, for my heart
Retains his true effigies, and no art
Can ſo diſguiſe him, but even like the Sun
(The worlds great eye) that may be over-run
And cloth'd with Clouds, yet ſure it cannot be
Chang'd in aſpect, but we muſt know 'tis he;
But were this all, ah then my raging grief
Might in ſome ſort be ſubject to relief,
But ah my ſorrows more and more rebell
Againſt my Soul, and rings a doleful knell
To all my comforts, nothing can prevent
The rude incurſions of my diſcontent:
Judge Ladies, judge, if ever grief could be
More acted to the life then 'tis in me,
Obſerve my Laborinths, and if ye find
The reliſh of a comfort in my mind,

Judg me to more extreams, if art can ſhow
A way to make a more exuberous woe
Then mine, inflict it on me, let your eyes
Weep me to death, or drown my miſeries,
I care not which; oh tell me is't not woe
More then enough, to ſee, and yet not know
My *Amoronzo:* here's a flaming rod,
Here's grie s full ſtop, but not her period.
Sad conſequence, I ſee there is no reaſon
In grief, that loves to tyrannize by treaſon!
Oh peviſh Fate, why doſt thou thus deviſe
New ways, new means, new woes to tyrannize!
But Heav'n prevent the Traytor, may his death
Betray the treaſon, or his feeble breath
Want utt'rance to expreſs it, Heav'n defend
My *Amoronzo* from ſo baſe an end,
But if it be decreed; The Gods are juſt
In taking both, we'l marry in the duſt,
The grave ſhall ſwell with mirth, our lofty tomb
Shall be both nuptial bed and dining room,
The worms ſhall be our Gueſts, nay, they ſhall be
Both Maſk and Muſick to our jollitie;
We'l revell in our aſhes, lively death
Shall dance for joy, then having taken breath
Shall poſt away, and thus nights vail being ſpread,
The Curtains drawn by time, we'l ſhrink to bed:

Reſt

Reſt then my heart, purchaſe a free content,
Obſerve with care, and thou ſhalt ſee th'event
Come fluttering on the wings of time, 'tis near,
'Tis near, and will with winged ſpeed appear:
With that (the Roſe and Lilly being met)
I mean her hand and cheek, ſhe ſeem'd to let
Her eye-lids ſlumber, but ſhe could command
No pleaſing reſt; for in her eyes did ſtand
Grief's watch-men (tears) ſo in an angry vain
She ſnatch'd her Lute, and thus begun to ſtrain
Her Magick voice, I cannot well ſay whether
She wept, and ſung, ſhe ſung and wept together.

CELANIA'S Song.

COme gentle Lute, and let's relate
In warbling Notes my ridged Fate,
That theſe (now ſenſleſs) walls and ſtones
Hearing my well divided groans,
May from their dulneſs frightned be
Into a ſenſibilitie,
And hearing, ſay, I've reaſon to bewail
That am both Ocean, Tempeſt, Ship, and Sail.

2.

I am an Ocean, and my eyes
Send me (like Rivolets) ſupplyes
Only in this, unlike the Main,
I flow, but never ebb again,
My brackiſh tides cannot return
Nor drown (like that) but always burn:
And thus my ſorrows licence me to weep,
My eyes (though narrow Seas) are very deep.

3

I am a Tempeſt, and I know
There ſeldom comes a calm in woe,
When Boreas *harbours in a breſt,*
'Tis fondneſs then to think on reſt,
And needs muſt they be void of peace,
Whoſe tempeſts never, never ceaſe:
Then blame me not when thus my ſtormes ariſe,
To ſtrive t'allay them with my raining eyes.

4

I am a Ship full fraught with fears
Toſt in the Ocean of my tears,
Rackt in a ſtorm of ſighes I run
Upon the Rocks, and am undone;
My Pilot's loſt, I know not where,
And I am buried in deſpair.
Thus am I brought unto deaths fatal brink,
My Pilot being loſt I needs muſt ſink.

5

I am a Sail, and every hour
Submits me to the lawleſs power
Of Boreas, *whoſe moſt envious breath*
Aſſaults, and tares me unto death.
Needs muſt he have a ſtormy mind
That's ſubject unto every wind.
Then blame me not that thus my woes bewail,
That am both Ocean, Tempeſt, Ship, and Sail.

Thus having ended (may I ſay) her Song
Her tears (like ſwelling Surges) grew too ſtrong
For her reſtraint, and fain ſhe would have vented
More vocal grief, hut that her eyes prevented

And drownd her ſpeech, yet ſhe was heard to cry,
Sum all misfortune up, and that am I.
Where now we'l leave her pickl'd in her tears,
Oppreſt with ſighes, and buried in her fears;
For now the Knight's return'd, and in his eye
Dwells the ſad Character of miſery:
Each look imports misfortune; he enquires
After *Celania's* welfare, and retires
In private with his Lady, to relate
His fruitleſs progreſs, and th'unhappy Fate
Of *Amoronzo*, who as fame aſſur'd
Was loſt at Sea, after he had endur'd
A fearful Ship-wrack: This unwelcom newes
Floated in tears: alas, and who can chuſe
But lend a drop, poor Lady, who ſhall keep
Celania company in tears, or weep
Equivolent ſtreams, the Knight, who having paid
The tribute of his eyes, lookt up, and ſaid
What's beſt to do, which way ſhall we contrive
T'expreſs this fatal newes, and keep alive
Our Gueſt, *Celania*; for I'm ſure, that breath
That utters his, proclaims aloud, her death:
Come then, reſolve, mans judgment muſt reſign
In theſe extreams unto the Feminine?
What ſhall we do? for if misfortune ſhould
Reveal *Celania* to the King, it would

Be

Be my deſtruction, or if I ſhould go
Unto the King, and utter what I know,
He might reward me; but the horrid name
Of Traytor fills me with inſulting ſhame,
I dare not, oh I cannot prove a death
To her whoſe virtue priviledg'd my breath.
To which the Lady thus reply'd—— —— ——

—— —— —— —— —— ——'tis true
I apprehend what dangers may accrue
By our concealment, yet I'le rather be
A Proſtitute to all extreamitie
Then let my name (the jewell of my age)
Bear treaſons image, what can more enrage
The Heavens then treaſon; I could well afford
To curſe each letter, of ſo dam'd a word;
But ſince 'tis thus, if you (my Lord) think fit
To truſt this buſineſs to a womans wit,
I ſhall endeavour both with ſpeed and care
T'extenuate *Celania's*, and your fear,
And thus I will contrive: Firſt then preſent
Your ſelf unto her, let no diſcontent
Dwell on your brow, 'tis eaſie to diſcry
Th'afflicted hearts diſtemper by the eye,
Then have a care (my Lord) and let each word
Be bitter-ſweet, that ſo you may afford

Equal of both, for if you ſhould declare
His certain death, 'twould fill her with deſpair,
Or if with too much joy you ſhould relate
The happy tidings of his proſperous Fate,
'Twould ſo tranſport her, that no skill nor art
Will moderate the raptures of her heart;
'For 'tis well known that womens minds are ſuch,
'That they muſt neither joy, nor grief too much.
But to proceed, you having thus declar'd
Your doubtful mind, there ſhall be ſoon prepar'd
An ancient Pilgrim, who may by his wiſe
Diſcourſe, aleviate her miſeries:
Our houſe hath bin (my Lord) theſe three days
In giving entertainment to this Gueſt [bleſt
He is a man, except his tongue belye
His heart, judicious in Divinitie,
He's ſparing in diſcourſe, yet kind to all,
Gravely facetious, ſweetly muſical,
Nay, and *Celania* wiſh't, that ſhe might be
A conſort in his pleaſing melodie,
And he as often (noting her diſtreſs)
Hath wiſht her griefs might find a quick redreſs;
To which intent he told me, if his skill
Might any way be uſeful to fulfill
Or further her deſires, that ſhe ſhould find
A readineſs, crown'd with a cheerful mind,

If

If ſhe intended) as he thought) to be
Shrowded within a ſacred Nunnerie,
Which in my judgment very well may ſute
With her condition, and in time confute
Her powerful adverſary, grief, which now
Uſurps, and ſits in triumph on her brow:
(Poor Lady) when at laſt this news is ſpread
That *Amoronzo*, her lifes life is dead [ſure
What can ſhe do but dye?'twould be hard mea-
Onely who dyes for Love, ſure dyes for pleaſure:
But ſtay, farewell, let's follow our deſign,
Act you your part (my Lord) I'le warrant mine.
Away they went, the Knight without delay
Compos'd his countenance, and took his way
To viſit ſad *Celania*, who then ſat
Diſconſolate, as if ſhe had forgot
She liv'd, till at the laſt ſhe heard one ſay
Madam, be pleas'd to caſt your eye this way
Upon your Servant who hath thus made bold
T'intrude, unlicenc'd, Madam, pleaſe to hold
Your ſelf contented, let not ſorrow have
The whole dominion of your thoughts, but ſave
Some room for *Amoronzo*—— —— —— —

—— —— —— ——Have ye ſeen
The Pris'ner at the bar ſtriving between

Hope

Hope and deſpair, with what a piercing eye
He views his Judges, fearing to diſcry
His death, cloth'd in their looks: Even ſo did ſhe,
Poor Lady, ſtrive to read her deſtinie
Regeſter'd in his looks; ſtand ſtill ſhe cryes,
That I may read my ruine in your eyes,
The Characters are legible, I know
How to ſpell death it ſelf, and conſtrue woe:
Firſt in your face (my Lord) is to be read
A tragick ſtory: *Amoronzo*'s dead,
He's dead, my Lord, nor ſhal't be long before
I'le follow; claſpe your book, I'le read no more,
And thus I'le finiſh lifes accurſed ſumme
I come my *Amoronzo*---Dear---I come.
Hold Madam, ſpare your life, he is not dead
Reply'd the Lord, you only have miſread
And made a falſe conſtruction in my looks,
Madam, pray read again, or burn the books;
He is not dead, the Fates have now decreed
To make you happy: How! nay then proceed
Reply'd *Celania*, will the Gods at laſt
Take pity on a wretch that's overcaſt
With black deſpair, what ſhall I wiſh to give
In recompence: Does *Amoronzo* live?
His name creates new life; for now I find
A new creation in my infant mind;

Oh

Oh how grown in comfort, every minute
Brings me a Heaven, and *Amoronzo* in it;
See where he comes, Love, lend me wings to fly
Into his bosom, come my joy, draw nigh,
Imbrace thine own *Celania*, oh how blest
Am I, Love never found so sweet a rest.
The Lord (unus'd to Love sick raptures) knew
Not what to say, but suddenly he flew
Like lightning from her presence, where he met
The Lady and the Pilgrim, who were set
To wait her long'd-for coming, that they might
Intice her to some musical delight,
But Fate design'd it otherwise, for now
They all complot, and joyntly study how
To wean her from her raptures, and at last
The Pilgrim (sadly hearing what was past)
Being fill'd with pity, took his Lute, and went
Near to her Chamber, where he forthwith sent
His airy Messengers unto her ear
To summon all her senses to appear
Before his melody, at last, she rais'd
Her drooping head, and after she had gaz'd
About the room; where is (said she) my Dear,
What, stole away, and left *Celania* here?
Or was it but a dream? but hark, that hand
Which playes, is his, and sure I understand

Each

Each pleasing touch, but stay, what voice is this,
I'le swear it is an Angels, or else his,
'Tis his, and he is mine: I'le rest content
To hear his Song, and then expect th'event.

The Pilgrims *Song.*

1

SAil gentle Soul, the Wind blows fair
Despair is buried in despair;
For Wind and tide now seem to court
And lead us to our wisht-for port,
The wanton Billows seem in state to dance
To see our safe, our blest deliverance.

2

The Pilot smiles, the Ship prevailes,
The Storm submits, the swelling sailes
Puft up with Pride, does seem to run
More then Post-haste to kiss the Sun.
Then cease sad heart, thou needest not to bewail,
For thou art neither Tempest, Ship, nor Sail.

The

The Song thus finiſhed, *Celania* calls
Her thoughts in queſtion, and ſhe forthwith falls
Into a ſerious ſtudy, well, ſayes ſhe,
I canno be miſtaken, ſure 'tis he,
Or I am not my ſelf, both voice, and hand
Invite my tortur'd Soul to underſtand
It muſt be he, but oh that I could ſee
That Saint, which gave this voice that libertie;
Impatience hates delay, I muſt be bold
In ſpite of modeſty; I cannot hold
But muſt attempt: Ye Fates prove not unkind,
The eye, not ear, muſt ſatisfie the mind:
With that, with Eagle-ſpeed (ſhe that before
Could hardly creep) now flyes unto the door,
Which being open, ſuddenly her eye
Surveys each corner, but could not eſpye
The treaſure of her heart, but having found
Her hopes in vain, ſhe fell upon the ground,
Being intranc'd, the Pilgrim that had view'd
Her paſſion (though unſeen himſelf) purſu'd
His reſolutions, ſo with ſpeed he takes
His Lute, and with a willing heart he makes
A near approach, and ſent unto her ears
(As if he had Epitomiz'd the Spheres)
Such Heav'n-bred ſtrains, that in diſpite of death
He re-inforc'd her to her former breath,

This

This being done, ſhe gently mov'd her head,
Which was repos'd upon too hard a bed.
Oh that my Soul had wings, ſhe cryes, that I
Might quit theſe vain deluſions, and fly
To my delight, this world affords no treaſure
To me, but baſe-bred joyes, and ſpurious pleaſure;
Oh that I could——with that a ſudden glance
Betray'd the Pilgrim to her eyes, whoſe chance
It was t'obſerve her, as the purple dye
Uſurpt her cheeks; ſhe bluſht, but knew not why,
And yet the more ſhe labour'd to reſtrain
Her bluſhes, ſtill the more ſhe bluſht again;
At laſt, with baſhful modeſty, ſhe rais'd
Her feeble ſelf, ſtood ſtill awhile, and gaz'd
Upon the Pilgrim, who admir'd the grace
And majeſty united in her face,
Whil'ſt ſhe, did equally admire to ſee
So much of meekneſs, cloth'd in gravitie;
Reſolving then, that pity needs muſt reſt
In ſuch a Soul; ſhe thus her thoughts expreſt.
Grave Sir, ſayes ſhe, although it diſagree
Unto my Sex to take the libertie
Of ſpeech, before requir'd, yet I depend
Upon your liberall goodneſs to befriend
My errors with a pardon, that I may
Return deſerved thanks, and haſte away.

To

To which the Pilgrim—— —— —— —— ——

—— —— —— ——Madam, if your haſte
Depend upon my pardon, I ſhall waſte
Some time before I grant it; for I have
An humble favour, which I needs muſt crave;
My hopes aſſure me you will not deny
To crown my wiſhes; Madam pray reply.
To which *Celania*: Sir, it is not beſt
To grant, before I know what you requeſt,
Yet my aſſured confidence is ſuch,
That you will neither ask, I grant, too much;
Therefore propoſe your will: Then Madam, know
I have obſerv'd, nay, copy'd out your woe,
In which (excuſe my boldneſs) I do find
The ſad extreames of a tormented mind,
Therefore be pleas'd to ſay (for I reſpect
The cauſe, there is no judging by th'effect)
The reaſon of your grief, whith once being known
The cure is more then half perfection:
Stand not to ruminate, but be aſſur'd
What you relate, ſhall ſafely be ſecur'd
Within the ſtrong-fenc'd bull-wark of my heart,
Not to be taken by the force of Art:
Believe it Madam, and from that belief
Derive to me the reaſon of your grief:

I am a Pilgrim, treaſon cannot dwell
More in my breſt, than in a Hermits Cell,
My calling makes me bold, and I muſt ſay
Your Conſcience ought t'inforce you to obey;
Some days have paſs'd ſince theſe mine aged eyes
Have truly witneſs'd your extremities,
And 'tis my Conſcience bids me to require
The reaſon: Madam, this is my deſire;
Or if my Judgment or my Reaſon fail,
I have a Conſcience that will ſtand my Bail,
Nay weep not Lady, lay aſide thoſe fears
I underſtand your tongue, but not your tears,
Tears are good ſigns, but words are underſtood
More in one breath, then tears are in a flood;
I could drop tear for tear, but to what uſe?
Tears in ſome ſenſe are only words excuſe;
'Tis a known truth, that Nature, which affords
An eye for tears, has given tongue for words;
Therefore be pleas'd as long as I ſtand by,
To let your tongue be flowing, not your eye.
To which *Celania*, after ſhe had dry'd
Her watry eyes, lookt up, and thus reply'd.
Grave Sir excuſe me that I muſt deny
At preſent, what you claim as courteſie;
For my diſordered thoughts cannot invent
As yet away t'expreſs my full intent,

But

But be assur'd time shall not lose much sand
Before your heart shall fully understand
The nature of my grief; for I will throw
My life into your hands, and then bestow
It as you please; In the mean time consent
To grant my pardon, and I'le rest content:
And so all peace attend you, may your eyes,
See as much joys, as mine have miseries.

The end of the second Book.

THE
Third Book.

POst on, my Muſe, for hark, the Readers ſay
What, is *Dimagoras* loſt, and ſhrunk away?
Or has th' unmindful Author quite forgot
To bring him on the Stage, why comes he not?
Reader he comes, be pleaſed to prepare
To ſee him only come to take the air
After his love-ſick paſſion, which indeed
I ſhall relate; And thus in ſhort proceed:
The King was pleaſed (but I know not whether
Pity or pollicy, or both together
Mov'd him) to give *Dimagoras* leave to ſhew
Himſelf abroad, confining him to go
Guarded without regard; which newes being brought
Unto his willing ears, he forthwith thought
Himſelf in Heav'n, for after a reſtraint
Who would not think that man a happy Saint

That

That brought him newes of liberty: But now
I muſt implore the Reader to allow
Pardon for an omiſſion, which in brief,
Is this: *Dimagoras* being fill'd with grief,
Not knowing, and worſe doubting, what would be
The iſſue of his ſad captivity;
But ſtill his thoughts (inclining to deſpair
More then to comfort) often would prepare
An inſtrument of death; but ſtill his heart
Prov'd the worſt Actor, of the chiefeſt part,
And would not let him; but he oft would cry
Were't not for fear of dying, I could dye;
Oh life! Oh death! ſaid he, why ſhould there be
Between you two, ſuch an Antipathie?
Alas 'tis nothing but this trifling breath
That makes ſuch diffrence between life and death;
And what is breath? 'tis nothing but a blaſt,
A ſmoak, a vapour, and it cannot laſt,
Only in me it riots but to ſpight
And plague me with the ſtill approaching light,
Or elſe ſucceeding darkneſs; thus am I
The ſubject of curſt Fortunes cruelty:
See now the grim-lookt night is come, and all
The worlds inhabitants provide, and fall
To reſt; but I (the watch-man of the world)
Am like an abject ertature, toſt, and hurld

Into obſcurity; but yet I'le try
If ſleep will lend a viſit to mine eye;
With that he threw himſelf upon his bed,
Repoſes his much diſcompoſed head;
But all in vain, the flatterers of ſleep,
(I mean ſhort ſlumbers) would not let him keep
Decorum in his reſt, for now, and then
He ſtarts, now ſpeaks, and then lies ſtill agen;
Sometimes his voluntary tongue would cry,
Parthenia, ah *Parthenia*, why, Oh why
Doſt thou perplex—and there a ſigh would part
His words, and leave him with a throbing heart:
At laſt he wakes, and yet I cannot ſay
He wak'd, becauſe he ſlept not, for he lay
Charm'd in a dream, which ſoon ſhall be expreſt;
(He that dreams moſt, ſtill takes the leſt of reſt.)
At firſt he dream'd, he ſaw *Parthenia* ſtand
Cloathed in white, with Lawrel in one hand
And Palm in th' other, at whoſe feet ſhe ſpread
The Palm, and plac'd the Lawrel, on his head;
At which *Dimagoras* (much delighted) vented
His joy, in tears, and ſeemingly lamented
His own unworthineſs, whilſt ſhe ſtood by,
And with a pitying ſmile did ſeem to dry
His blubber'd cheecks; but (as he after ſwore)
The more ſhe wipt his eyes, he cry'd the more;

At

At last she seem'd to lay her gentle head
Upon his Pillow, and retire to bed;
With that ('tis quickly judg'd in what delight
He thought to spend each minute of the night)
He went to welcome her with an embrace,
And found a Spirit snugging in her place:
His warm embraces now are turn'd to cold
And frosty fears; alas he cannot hold
A joint from trembling, for his gashly eye
Being fix'd upon that object which lay by,
Did strive t' out stare the Devil; but at length
Fancy retreats, and he receives new strength;
So finding it a Dream, he turns, and then
He falls asleep, and sleeping, dreams again,
And dreaming, thought he saw bold *Argalus*
Smiling upon him, and salute him thus:
My Lord *Dimagoras*, I am come to tell
A story, which, I'm sure, will please you well:
The Gods have seen your suff'rings, and now
Intend to view you with a serene brow;
As for your wrongs to me, I freely do
Forget them, and in that, I pardon you;
I freely pardon, and *Parthenia* shall
Be my Engagement, that I pardon all
Your vile abuses, nay, her hand shall sign
Your gracious pardon too, as well as mine;

But I muſt tell you, though the Gods now pleaſe,
After an age of grief to ſend you eaſe;
yet if your care contrive not to fulfill
Each particle of their commanding will,
Be well aſſur'd that Hell himſelf near knew
A greater fall, then ſhall befall to you;
And as for plagues and torments, be aſſur'd
You ſhall find ſuch as cannot be endur'd;
Thus I adviſe you; but becauſe th'intent
Of this, my ſpeech, is charitably bent
I'le ſhew you more, obſerve,—— —— ——

—— —— —— ——With that appears
A manly ſhape, more grave in looks, then years,
Nor did he come alone, for in his hand
He led a Lady, on whoſe cheeks did ſtand
A ſhowr of ſpeaking tears, which ſeem'd to ſay,
Oh miſerable, miſerable day:
Theſe are thoſe two, ſays *Argalius*, which you
Would willingly betray, but if you do,
Expect the plague of plagues, to vex thy heart,
And re-inſtate thee in eternal ſmart;
Obſerve, and weigh my words, and let not fear
Bribe thee to ſo much baſeneſs, have a care;
And when you ſee them, ſeem to ſee them not,
So ſhall you purchaſe a moſt happy lot;

But

But one thing more: Before I dis-appear,
I needs must recommend unto your ear
A serious truth, which will be ere this night,
Chas'd by th' approaching morning, takes its flight;
'Twill so fall out, that your distracted head
Will fall much lower then your lofty bed;
You shall receive a fall, which fall, indeed
Shall cause your heart, as well as head, to bleed;
But at which time, a Damosel shall present
Her self unto you with a good intent
To salve your several hurts, her virgin name
Shall be *Lutosa*, whose renowned fame
Shall eccho through the world; her virtues shall
Precede her Beauty, and her beauty, all:
The wings of fame shall mount her to the skies,
She's fair, she's rich; and what is best, she's wise;
She's wise, because she's humble, and she's fair,
Because she's wise, she's rich, because she's heir
Unto *Apollo*, *Venus*, *Crœsus*; Nay,
She's more then second to *Parthenia*:
This Lady, whose perfections far transcend
Perfection, shall be proud to recommend
Her dear affections to your constant breast,
And so farewell: Th' event shall speak the rest,
And there he vanish'd—— —— —— ——

——— ——— ———Now *Dimagoras* dreams
Of *Cupid*, *Venus*, and of all th' extreams
Of Love; his over-buſie thoughts are now
In conſultation, ſweetly ploting how
To Pen an amorous Letter; firſt he writes,
And then blots out, and afterwards, indites;
And now his trembling hand begins to hold
The Paper, where loves ſtories muſt be told;
He ſighs, and then begins; My deareſt Dear,
May theſe my rude unpoliſh'd Lines,— and here
He ſtops, diſlikes, then likes, diſlikes again,
Throws by that Paper; then another ſtrain
Muſt be conſtrain'd, and now his matter flows;
He ſmites his breſt, looks up, and too't he goes:
The Letter's finiſh'd, now it muſt be read;
Hark how he ſighs, ſee how he ſhakes his head,
He reads, and cryes, the matter is not good,
The manner's naught, and 'twill be underſtood
More Complement, then love; yet he is bent
To ſend it; What is love but Complement?
And now 'tis ſeal'd, ſeal'd with a bleeding heart
Tranſfixt, and wounded with an amorous dart:
Away 'tis ſent; Oh how his ſpirits burn
In expectation of a quick return:
The allmoſt breathleſs Meſſenger is now
Return'd again, who with a ſweating brow

Pre-

Preſents a Letter, which with trembling ſpeed
He took, and kiſt; and then began to read;
He reads, then ſtudies, reads again, and then
Cryes out, Oh cruel women, wretched men;
Theſe women-Sophiſters can make that ſenſe
That's Preſent, be the Preterfect-tenſe,
Theſe ſhe Grammarians often times diſplace,
And put the Verb before the Nom'native Caſe;
There Rhetorick kiſſes and their Logick looks,
Would make an *Ariſtotl* burn his Books;
Their ſmiles are Tropes, & figures, & their words
Are dark Enigma's, every look affords
Large Volumns of diſcourſe; their tears, they are
Who can tell what, my Genious, ſtop thou there;
Women, like Globes, do always love to be
In motion, ſtill confin'd to liberty;
In this they differ, That no art can find
The perfect Centure of a womans mind:
But ſtay, me thinks this Letter does expreſs
More then an ordinary dubiouſneſs;
Her tongue muſt be th' interpreter, for I
Am unacquainted in loves miſtery;
I'le haſte unto her, for this cannot be
Her proper Language, no, I know that ſhe
Is more ingenious, yet a womans heart
Is always wav'ring,—— ——There a ſudden ſtart

Gave

Gave motion to his Limb, yet ſleep at length
Did captivate his brain, and gave new ſtrength
Unto his fancy, then his fancy brought
Him to his Lady: Now each forward thought
Corrects the former; ſo that he could find.
No means t'expreſs th' affections of his mind;
Now ſighs,, and ſteadfaſt looks muſt only prove,
The ſad, and powerful Orators of love;
They counter-look each other, for her eye
Still thwarted his, and yet ſhe knew not why;
She bluſh'd becauſe he look'd, and he again
Would look, becauſe ſhe bluſh'd, but all in vain,
For on a ſudden (ſtarting from his dream)
He wakes, and waking cries, Oh how extream
Unquiet, are my ſlumbers, yet I find
The more I ſlumber, I am more confin'd
To ſlumber; but I hope the welcome day
Will come, and chaſe theſe falcities away:
Till then,--- and there a ſlumber did ſurpriſe
The yeilding Fort of his beſieged eyes;
He had not long engag'd himſelf to ſleep
Before another viſion ſeem'd to creep
Into his fancy, which rejoyc'd his breſt
And brought more comfort to him then the reſt:
He dream'd he ſaw *Parthenia*, in whoſe face
He read the pleaſing Charracters of grace,

He

He look't upon her, and her Commet-eye
Portended liberal pardon; by and by
(Approaching nearer) ſhe began to break
Her lipps; he ſeem'd to hear, and ſhe to ſpeak
To this effect: Know then, that I am come
To tell you that your time of Martyrdom
Is near at hand, nay ſtart not, for I mean
No harm; I'le be an Actor in this Scene:
Miſtake me not, you are not like to prove
A Martyr, only in the flames of love;
Be careful, that no envious fate incline
To croſs your love, as once it did do mine:
Remember who it was, that to fulfill
The cruel pleaſure of his greedy will (crown'd
Surpriz'd me when my buſie thoughts were
With *Argalus*; Who drag'd me on the ground?
Revil'd, and kickt me? nay, and what is worſe
Poyſon'd my face, and made my life a curſe:
This was the cauſe which made me to deny
My *Argalus*, and ſay, *It is not I*;
And yet I lov'd him, but my love was ſuch
I wav'd it, why? Becauſe I lov'd him much:
Ah was it fit that *Argalus* ſhould be
Match'd to ſo much extream deformity;
Yet in what love-ſick tearms would he expreſs
How much he lov'd deformed happineſs;

How

How did he curſe the day-light for revealing
So foul a face, the darkneſs for concealing
The treaſure of his heart; Thus night nor day
Could pleaſe him, when his dear *Parthenia*
Deny'd her *Argalus*; ah can there be
In man, ſo unbeliev'd a conſtancy;
Nor was this all, for when, nor word, nor vow;
Could tempt my ſtubborn heart once to allow
A grant to his deſires, away I ſtole,
Unknown to any, left him to condole
My unknown abſence, for 'twas my intent
To loſe my ſelf; I knew not where I went,
Nor what I did; that paſſion of the mind,
Which make us dumb, as well can make us blind;
But ſee the will of fortune, I that ſtray'd
I knew not how, nor where, nay never made
The leaſt enquiry, was by well-pleas'd Fate (Gate,
Brought to my Aunts, (the Queen of *Corinths*)
Where being come, my near relations, made
(After they knew) me welcome, where I ſtay'd
Till time had wrought my cure, which being done
My well compoſed thoughts began to run
Upon my *Argalus*, the more each part
Was cur'd, the more I found, a wounded heart;
At laſt I ſent to ſee if I could find
(There is no ſickneſs to a love-ſick mind)

My

My Love; but when the Meſſenger return'd
I froze with fear to ask, and yet I burn'd
With a deſire to know; and who can blame
Long ſmothered Love, to break into a flame;
But Fate (which then was courtious) brought
My wiſhes, for at laſt, I found him out: (about
Nor was I then content; my zealous mind
Began to plot, and try if I could find
A flaw in his affections, but I found
His heart as conſtant, and his love as ſound
As heart could wiſh; 'tis true, I laid this plot
To ſee if *Argalus* had quite forgot
His Dear *Parthenia*; but I could eſpy
(And read within the volumn of his eye)
Th' affections of his heart; but he at firſt
Took me for what I was, yet after burſt
Into a ſtorm of tears, becauſe his eye
Cheated his thoughts, I told him t'was not I;
But that I came t' invite him now to take
A heart on truſt, for dead *Parthenias* ſake:
But he refuſed; yet the more I made
My ſtrong attempt, and reſolutely ſaid;
My Lord, you muſt accept; He ſhook his head,
And cry'd, Oh Heavens! and is *Parthenia* dead?
If ſhe be dead, what heart have I to give?
And how can I receive, that cannot live

To

To make requital, Earth shall sooner move
Then I will yeild unto a second love,
Although I must confess, says he, you are
Parthenia's Image, and might be her heir
In worth, and beauty; but alass, she's fled,
And I am flying; Is *Parthenia* dead,
Oh then—— with that I flew into his arms,
And so restor'd him with my wofull charms,
Nay it was long before I could perswade
His heart to credit what my tongue had said;
Yet at the last, loves circumstances prov'd
That I was once his lost, yet well-belov'd
And true *Parthenia*; thus by lucky art
My face was tur'd before, and then, my heart:
Thus after all this turbulent confusion
Fate brought our wishes to a good conclusion,
And you to punishment, which seem'd to glory,
In being Authour of this Tragick story;
But I forgive you, wishing you to be
A Philalethes, not a falsie:
And now because that you may fully know
That you are pardon'd, follow where I go;
Be confident of what I say, and tell
Th' enquiring world, what hath this night befell;
So follow me: Impatient of delay
He rises in his sleep, and hasts away;

And

And being up, he ranſacks all about
To ſee if he could find *Parthenia* out;
But ſhe was gone, and yet he blindly gropes
About the Room, being fill'd with fruitleſs hopes
At laſt to find her; but his ſleepy pace
Brings him with ſpeed unto the fatal place
Of execution; down the ſtairs he falls,
And falling wakes, and waking, ſwears, and bawls
For Juſtice on *Parthenia*, whilſt he cryes,
Revenge, revenge, my ſwelling injuries
Upon that curſed Hagg; Oh let her be
Confin'd to Hell for perpetuity;
Oh where am I, cryes he, can any tell
Except the Devil; Am I not in Hell;
Or do I dream; yet Dreams do ſeldom ſhow
Reality; I'm bruis'd and batter'd, — Oh——
My head, my ſhoulders, nay, and every part
Does now contrive to breed an aching heart;
What Devil toſs'd me hither, muſt I be
The Tennis-ball of Hell? Oh tyranny;
What, have they drencht me in the Stigian Lake?
For I am wet, my head, my ſhoulders ake;
What ſtreams are theſe, that run, and flow about
My face, and ears, what are my brains beat out?
Oh help, for pitty help,; what ſhall I lye
Brainleſs, and helpleſs, and unpitied dye;

What

What is the world grown deaf? or do I call
Without regard? Oh most accurſed fall;
I cannot help my ſelf, 'tis therefore vain
For me to ſtrive to crawl up ſtairs again;
Well then, ſince none will pity, farewel breath,
I'le be content to groan my ſelf to death:
Thus lay *Dimagoras*, groaning forth a curſe,
His cryes were terrible, his groans were worſe.

The trembling Goaler heard his groans, his cryes;
But had as little power to pray, as riſe;
He is all fear, no hopes can reconcile
His thoughts to Heaven, his actions are ſo vile;
He call'd his ſins before him with intent
To add unto them, but not to repent;
Goalers are Hells pawn-brokers, for they take
Forty, *per Cent.* and doe't for pity ſake;
Sometimes they'l carry (with a dexterous art)
Heav'n in their face, the Devil in their heart;
And 'tis well known, th' oppreſſed pris'ners cry,
Is their delight; their groans, their melody:
Reader, conſider but a Goaler well,
You'l find him Devil, and his priſon, Hell:
But whither run I: muſt *Dimagoras* lie
Pickled in blood without a remedy:
The day appears, the Goaler now begins
To ſtare about him, and forget his ſins,

He

He now ſtarts up; His Wife being grave & wiſe,
Bids him confeſs his faith before he riſe;
Faith(ſays the Goaler)what ſhould that thing be?
If I keep faith, in troth 'twill not keep me:
Tell me of faith, Hell bury thee alive;
'Tis ſweet oppreſſion makes a Goaler thrive:
She ſpeaks again; why, Minion, what doſt ayle
Says he; Faith will not ſilver-lace thy tail,
Nor feed your wants: No more; for if you do,
Your Faith ſhall be your meat, and clothing too;
The name of that bare word will make me fail,
'Twill prove a poyſon, and break ope my Goal;
'Tis much like Mercury, becauſe 'twill eat
Through Iron bars, nay, 'tis a thing will cheat,
The Devil, nay, I tell thee without doubt,
If we keep that, 'twill let our pris'ners out;
I fear, I fear, this very word portends
Some miſchief unto us, or to our friends: (great
My dreams were ſad this night, me thoughts the
Lyconian Lord was grown ſo ſpruce, and neat,
That all the world admir'd him, nay, his brain
(Untun'd by frenzy) was now tun'd again,
And at the laſt me thonghts I ſaw him lye
Upon a Couch, and our *Lutoſa* by,
Braiding his hair; he gently ſeem'd to play
And toy wirh her,, but in a civil way;

At last me thoughts I heard a noise, that made
My trembling unprovided heart afraid;
I started from my sleep, made haste, and went
To rise, but that thy Language did prevent,
And hinder my design; I thank my Fate
I never heard a word did more abate
My courage, for, indeed, I was inclin'd
To rise, and run to quarrel with the wind;
But such another word (I'le tell thee true)
Would make me use a pris'ner like a Jew:
But now I'le rise, but prethee speak no more,
Nor name that word which once you nam'd be-
But now I think on't, I must haste and go (fore;
Unto my Lord *Dimagoras*, and know
What he intends; the King hath gave him leave
To take the air; but yet I can perceive
No great desire he hath to leave this place;
My Paradice sure pleases well his grace;
But e're he stirs, I will be sure that he
(Were he my flesh and blood) shall pay his Fee;
I'le haste and see what his wise Lordship saith,
Good morrow Wife; Pray not a word of faith:
Away he goes; no sooner was he come
Within the door of the scarce-twilight room,
But he espies confusion; for the Bed
Was thrown quite open, and *Dimagoras* fled:

The

The Goaler, much affrighted, hasts away
Unto his Wife, and thus began to say;
I am undone, cryes he, undone, Good Wife
Be civil to me, quickly take a knife
And cut my throat, *Dimagoras* is fled,
I shall be hang'd, Oh that I now were dead;
Prethee dispatch me, for 'twill be disgrace
To see thy husband hang'd before thy face;
Call up my servants quickly, whilst I stay
And see if I can force my self to pray;
Good Wife make haste, be quick; away she flyes,
And runs down stairs with light'ning in her eyes;
She calls her servants, but they could not hear,
For sleep had barrocado'd every ear;
At last, away she runs, thinking to call
Her Daughter; but she stumbling, catch'd a fall;
They say that women stumble at a straw;
But this I'm sure was none, because she saw
It was *Dimagoras*, who begun to cry
Torment me not *Parthenia*, let me dye,
I am half dead, Oh do me not the wrong
To hinder me, I'have liv'd too too long
Too long: with that up gets the Goalers wife,
Runs to her husband, husband safe thy life,
Dimagoras, *Dimagoras* —— ——and there
She wanting breath, was forc'd to gape for air;

With that the Goaler, for a little ſpace
Stood ſtill, and ſhe ſtood ſtaring in his face;
They both were mute; the Goaler thought it
To ſpeak to her that could not ſpeak again;) vain
But looking ſtrictly on her, he eſpies
Her hands, her cloths all bloody, then he cryes
Out murther, murther: and by this time, all
The houſe was up, who hearing him to call,
And cry out murther, came all arm'd to ſee
What was the matter; but by this time, ſhe
Had taken breath, and told her husband, that
Dimagoras was not fled, but to ſay what
The matter was, ſhe knew not; but her haſte
Made her to trip, and tumble croſs his waſt.
The Goaler now looks big, begins to ſwear
By *Hercules*, that all things were not fair;
He ſnatch'd his ſword into his hand, and run
Down ſtairs, to ſee the things that had been done,
Where being come (attended with his Guard)
He lookt about, but could not ſee, yet heard
Sad groans, as could by horror be expreſt;
(But to find pity in a Goalers breſt
Is more then miracle) he hunts about,
Yet could not find (what he expected) out;
He calls his Wife, and ſays, 'tis ſtrange that ſhe
Should ſtumble at a thing, he could not ſee.

Pre-

Prepoſtrous fool, ſays ſhe, ſuppoſe that men,
Should know how oft their wives did fall; what (then?
By this I ſee your zealeſie appears,
Your horns, good man, are longer then your ears,
Says ſhe; Come follow me, I'le ſhew you where
Your Priſ'ner lyes, lift up your horns, look there,
Look well upon him, judge him if you can
To be a knowing able womans man;
The Goaler now provides him, to debate
The cauſe, and reaſon, of his low eſtate;
Goes nearer to him, wills him to expreſs
The diſmal cauſe of this unhappineſs;
But all in vain, *Dimagoras*, whoſe eyes
Were glew'd with blood, cou'd not behold his
And careful Goaler, neither did he find (wiſe
Whoſe voice it was, being, deaf, as well as blind;
With that the Goaler ſeeing 'twas in vain
To queſtion him, whoſe fear, more then his pain,
Made him elingued, gave command that he
Should be committed to his bed, and be
Obſerv'd with care, whilſt he himſelf, would run
And fetch a Chirurgion, which thing being done,
He brings him in, who preſently provides
To patch his head, and plaiſter up his ſides;
He waſh'd his head, then takes his Probe, and tries
The deepneſs of his wounds; *Dimagoras* cryes,

What you mean, ye Hell-hounds, are ye come
To bring me to a second martyrdom;
Torment me not, 'tis known that I have ſtore
Of plagues already, then what need I more?
Oh that my eyes were open, that I might
But ſee the day, how bleſt a thing is light?
Say, are ye men, or Devils? by and by,
Reply'd the Chirurgeon, your obſerving eye
Shall teſtifie the truth, ſo by degrees
Unglews his eye-lids, and *Dimagoras* ſees,
And knows them all; he being gently dreſt,
Tells his misfortune, and ſo goes to reſt;
After ſome hours of ſleep, *Dimagoras* wakes,
Finding himſelf at eaſe, he gently ſhakes
His ſlumbers off; and then begins to call
To minde the fate of his unlucky fall;
He well remember'd that he dream'd he ſhould
Receive a ſudden fall, a fall that would
Prove prejudicial, which he found too true;
But miſt the Damoſel promis'd to enſue,
And dreſs his wounds; nay, and he calls to mind
Her name, and cryes *Lutoſa* was unkind
Not to appear; but yet he hop'd his fate,
Would yet prove kind, it being not too late:
His longing ſoul now groans, and ſighs to ſee
Some good, after ſo much of miſerie;

Alas,

Alas, says he, has providence forgot
To send thee hither, ah why com'st thou not
In spight of Fate? be certain I will prove
A constant lover never to remove
My well-fix't thoughts: Love has a secret art,
I am already wedded in my heart;
I hugg thee in my soul; Oh do not stay
My dear *Lutosa*, come, Oh come away;
My thoughts, are by thy absence, much increast;
And thus I take up love at interest;
Save these extream expences, and command
That I may take it at a better hand;
Oh come: Having so said (half void of hope)
The door being softly mov'd, did gently ope;
In comes a thing, whose worth is best expresst
By saying nothing, Reader, judge the rest;
And yet because truth may be clearly shown,
It was the Goalers daughter, who was known,
And call'd *Lutosa*,; this is she, whose beauty,
As it commanded, so it proffer'd, duty
Unto *Dimagoras*; Reader, wouldst thou hear
Her Character; be patient, and give ear:
'First, she was natures over-sight, and then
'Her fathers darling, and a scorn to men:
'Her mother oft would say, she was begot,
'When peevish nature did, she knew not what;

And this is she, (*Dimag'ras* dream'd) was fair,
Was rich, was wise, nay, and *Apollo*'s heir;
But let me whisper, and I'le tell thee what,
Believe quite contrary, and she was that:
'Tis more then double misery to dwell
Upon a name, whose Character, is Hell;
She was a Goalers daughter; what need more?
The consequence denotes her to be— W——
Yet good enough for him, whose lep'rous name
Deserves no other Wife, then lasting shame;
She stares upon *Dimagoras*, who now
Begins to view her with a wrinkled brow;
His faith depending on his flattering dream,
Makes him believe that she is all extream;
His love-sick thoughts are plotting how to praise
And court her beauty, in an amorous phrase;
He calls her to him, she (not being coy)
Stradles unto him, and begins to toy
And wanton with his hair, entreats, desires,
To dress his wounds, and with much zeal, requires
The reason of his raging grief; whilst he
Is ravish'd with her affabilitie;
His trembling hand seizes her dirty paw,
Her daring Nose still keeps her mouth in awe,
Or else she had, (more to compleat his bliss)
Crown'd his pale lips, with a be-slabbering kiss;

He

He ſighs, and ſhe, as willing to requite
His pains, endeavours with much ſpeed and might
To anſwer him, but counld not, for ſhe knew
Not how to ſigh, but gave a grunt, or two,
Which (to ſpeak truth) did very much content
Dimagoras, who thought that ſhe had rent,
Her heart in pieces; after that, ſhe throws
Her goggle-eyes about, and then beſtows
A wide-mouth'd ſmile upon him, which expreſt
Ten thouſand joys, he thinks himſelf as bleſt
As bliſs can make him, and begins to take
Couragious boldneſs, paſſionate to make
Humble addreſſes to her; She begins
T' admire her ſelf, he courts her and ſhe grins,
Grows now a little coy; and will not ſtay,
But by compulſion; ſtrives to go away,
Becauſe ſhe knows ſhe cannot; Oh what pains
He takes to hold her, whiſt ſhe ſtrives and ſtrains
T' unſcrew her ſelf; why, let me go, ſays ſhe,
Or I will tell your incivilitie
Unto my father, who will make you know
What 'tis to uſe his virgin Daughter ſo;
I will be gon, with that *Dimagoras* vents
A ſhowr of tears, and ſhews his diſcontents,
By his too-ſtedfaſt looks, which made her ſhow
An angry brow, although it were not ſo:

'Tis

'Tis importunity makes women prove
Insulting tyrants over proffer'd love:
Dimagoras sues, and begs, whilst she replies,
Away with these your false, fond flateries;
My mother told me, that I must not yeild
At first; and they are Cowards quit the field
At the first on-set; nay, my mother told me,
Men do not always love me, when they hold me;
She charg'd me too, when men desir'd to know
Whether I could affect; at first, say no:
And here she whisper'd, Oh unhappy I,
It goes against my stomack to deny;
And though I dare not in a present sense
Yet I may love you in the Future Tense;
Then let me go, you shall not be withstood
If you'l but keep in the Optative Mood:
Away she trundles, whilst his nimble eye
Pursues her to the last discovery.
The door being shut, and his *Lutosa* fled,
He then composed his distracted head;
Begins to ruminate, and call to mind
Her several graces, and with what a kind
Aspect she look'd upon him, then to say
She had no crime, but that she went away;
But Oh ye powers, cryes he, do but befriend
My wishes with success, and quickly send

My

My ſoul unto me, for alas I own
Nothing of life, when my *Luſoſa's* gone:
I am a Statue, nay, and what is worſe,
Her preſent abſence makes my life a curſe;
Ah, where art thou my deareſt, do not ſtay
Too long but come; Oh quickly come away,
Here, here, thy languiſhing *Dimagoras* lyes
Wounded, with what muſt cure, thy balmy eyes;
Let thy diſquiet heart permit no reſt
To crowd into thy heart, till thou haſt bleſt
Thy deareſt with a viſit: Couldſt thou ſee
My heart, my dear, Oh thou wouldſt pity me.
The door (which ſeem'd to pitty) by degrees
Was op'ned, but alas *Dimagoras* ſees,
Not what he lookt for, for it prov'd to be
The Goaler, and Chirurgion, come to ſee,
And dreſs his wounds, ſo after he had done
Departs; And then the Goaler thus begun.
My Lord, I thought it fit to let you know
If you deſire to take the air, and go
A mile or two; I ſhall this afternoon
Be ready to attend you, and as ſoon
As with conveniency your Lordſhip ſhall
Give me command, I will attend your call;
To which *Dimagoras* (after thanks) reply'd,
Your civil kindneſs ſhall not be deny'd;

There

Therefore this afternoon, I ſhall prepare
My ſelf, and willingly enjoy the air;
But being (you know a ſtranger) muſt depend
Vpon your intereſt, for I have no friend
To welcome me; Thus having underſtood
What I intend; do what you ſhall think good:
To which the Goaler thus reply'd, My Lord,
Arcadia it a Country doth afford
Both courteſie and plenty, 'tis well known,
That civil entertainmet's always ſhown,
Eſpecially to ſtrangers; never doubt,
My Lord, we'l finde good entertainment out:
There is aKnight, not twoLeagues from this place
(Whoſe hoſpitable goodneſs gives a grace,
And life to fame) whoſe ſeat, is truly, call'd
The Pallace of delight, being fenc'd, and wall'd
About with Marble; Art and Nature, were
A long time plotting how to make it rare;
And many curious eyes, have often went
To ſee, and judge, which was moſt excellent,
Nature, or Art; but none could juſtly tell,
Becauſe they both endeavour'd to excell:
Unto this place, my Lord, if you think fit,
We'l ſteer our courſe, but let us not omit
Our oppertunity, my Lord, time flies
Without reclaim, conveniency bids riſe,

Whilſt

Whilſt I, my Lord, will haſten to prepare
Accomodations, this ſhall be my care.
Away the Goaler went, who being gone,
Dimagoras began to think upon
His dear *Lutoſa*, nothing could proclaim
Him happy, but this crooked piece of ſhame;
But time draws on, *Dimagoras* now prepares
To take his Journey, loaded with more cares
Then ever; Now he labours to pretend
An indiſpoſe, as hoping to befriend
Himſelf with an advantage how to ſpeak
With his *Lutoſa*, or his heart muſt break;
But ſee how all things ſeemingly concurr
To make compleat his happineſs in her;
For in ſhe comes, I will not now expreſs
Her comely carriage, or her dirty dreſs;
Her graceful dopps, no, nor her ſheep-like eyes,
It is enough, *Dimagoras* diſcries
Nothing but beauty joyn'd with equal parts,
Sufficient to ſubdue the ſtonteſt hearts;
He ſtroaks his Beard, and with a well-pleas'd look
He ſtep'd unto her, chring'd, and after took
Her by the hand; judge then what follows next,
Not much of conſequence from ſuch a Text:
He look'd as if his hopeleſs heart were breaking,
Nor could he ſpeak for ſighs, ſhe ſigh, for ſpeaking.

But

But at the last, perpending well, how short
The time would be, he treated in this sort:
My dear *Lutosa*, wonder not, I know
Thy name, for fancy told me it was so;
Moreover, I was warned in a dream
T' adore that beauty which I found extream:
Then blame me not (because in thee I finde
My dream fulfill'd) to proffer thee my kinde,
And true affections, for by all that's good
I love thee equal with my dearest blood;
The world shall not exclude thee from my arms,
I will defend, and guard thee from all harms;
Oh that I were in Arms, that I might try;
For love gives courage, courage victory:
I'le plough the Ocean, rip up Mountains, make
The knit brow'd-surly-cragged Rocks to quake
At my appearance; nay, if Hell shall dare
To contradict me, he shall feel a share
Of my impos'd revenge, there's nothing can
Withstand th' attempts of a resolved man;
I am resolv'd, let all the world conspire
Against me, I will crown my blest desire
With good effect; If my *Lutosa* say
It shall be done, 'tis done, who dare gain-say?
If any dare oppose, let him be shown
To me in Arms; I'le warrant thee mine own:

If

If *Mars* should come in person, and propound
But love to thee. I'de make him kiss the ground:
What were Knight Errants, only arrant knaves,
And base Impostors, nay, the very slaves
Of time, and fortune, prating thus, and thus;
And such an other thing was *Argalus*,
Compar'd to me; I'm confident that fate
Dares not to make me less then fortunate:
Suppose (my dear affected) thou wert now
Inclos'd with Bulls, and Bears, dispairing how
To save thy life, and I by chance come by,
And view my Dearest in such misery;
Oh how I'de make those Tyrants fly, and run
Like subject mists before the Princely Sun:
What says my Love, wilt thou accept a heart
Unconquerable, but by thee, who art
Commandress of my soul; wilt thou incline
To my request, and tell me thou art mine?
Forget that female custome, do not say
The child of Love, cannot be in one day
Begot, nay bred, and born; for it must be
Encreast, brought forth, by times maturitie;
Believe not these fond falseties, for know
Love is an active, sprightly thing, will grow
Insensible; 'tis more then petty treason
Against the God of Love, to love by reason:

What

What reaſon was there, that there ſhould be ſeen
So much Intire affection between
Vulcan and *Venus*; *Cupids* Arrows fly
Not always conſtant, ſometimes low, then high;
For I have known, a Noble Lord, expreſs
Affection to an humble Shepherdeſs;
How many high-born Kings did often prove
Sad Martyrs, in the common flames of love;
But this (I muſt confeſs) diſcretion muſt
Not attribute to Love, ſo much as Luſt:
There may be Love, in Luſt, but 'tis well known
To be a ſpurious, and a baſtard one;
Such Love, like Mother-pearl, does oft ſend forth
A glorious luſter, but is little worth:
Or like that fooliſh fire, which men ſay
Only miſ guids, and leads men from their way,
And then it leaves them, like a ſudden blaſt,
Whoſe fierce extreams portend it cannot laſt;
This is a mock-love, only fit to be
The ſubject of our hatred; thus you ſee,
My (Dear *Lucoſa*) and may well infer
From hence, that perfect Love can never err;
For notwithſtanding love may like the fire,
Whoſe rapid flames, do often times aſpire;
And ſometimes wanting fuel to maintain
It's ſtrength, does ſeemingly go out again;

Yet

Yet, without doubt, the fire is ſtill the ſame,
The cauſe being gon, th'effect muſt needs be lame;
Love is the ground of Love, a thing divine,
And truly Noble, ſuch a Love is mine;
My dear *Lutoſa* come, let me infold,
And lock thee in mine Arms, er'e time grows old.
Let not the prime of Love be ſpent in toys,
At my return I will compleat my joys
By ſacred Matrimony; ſpeak, my Dear,
And let a ſpeedy, free conſent appear,
Though uſher'd with a bluſh; 'tis always known
The Roſe does never bluſh until 'tis blown;
Reply (my Deareſt) time cannot allow
A fitter oppottunity then now;
Wilt thou compleat the bleſſings of my life,
And crown me with the comforts of a Wife;
Speak, ſpeak my Joy, or let thy ſilence be
The proclamation of our unitie;
I muſt be gone: She ſtares upon his face,
As if her looks would ſpeak, and for a ſpace
She held him by the hand, with an intent
To ſpeak, but that the Goaler did prevent
Her reſolutions; ſo being heavy hearted,
He ſighs, ſhe grunts, he ſighs again, and parted:
Away he went, ſcarce knowing what he did,
And love ſick paſſions are not eas'ly hid:

At laſt when he had made a near approach,
He ſpies a Guard ſtand round about his Coach,
Which unexpected object made him vent
In whiſpers, his unruly diſcontent;
He calls the Goaler to him, makes his ear
The privy-Chamber of his new-bred fear;
His fear was ſo extream, that every part,
Declar'd in trembles, his afflicted heart:
The Goaler wonders at this ſudden change,
Speaking but ſoftly, ſaid, my Lord, 'tis ſtrange
To ſee what alteration's newly bred;
You that but now advanc'd your ſtately head
As high as Heav'n, do now abuſe your birth
Make honour bluſh, to ſee you court the earth
With your depending creſt; my Lord, advance
Your drooping ſoul, fear not, nor fate, nor chance
Shall do you wrong, this Guard is to attend,
And wait upon your Honour, to defend
Your noble Perſon; well, if good ſucceſs
Proves this a truth, ſays he, that you expreſs,
Be well aſſur'd, that thou ſhalt ever find
A grateful friend; but prethee prove ſo kind
To tell me truly, is it not intended
That I ſhall dye, becauſe I am befriended
With ſuch a Guard, I fear 'tis too too true
But you are loath to tell me, prethee do:

Let

Let theſe few Angels tutor thee to ſpeak
The ſpeedy truth, or elſe my heart will break:
With that the Goaler, (Oh th' effect of gold,
What Town? What Garriſon is that can hold
Againſt ſuch Batteries?) ſuddenly reply'd:
May all the plagues of Hell, my Lord, betide
And fall upon me, may they be encreaſt
To more then infinite, if in the leaſt
Your death's intended; now, my Lord, be free
In your beleif, enjoy your liberty;
As for the Guard, aſſure your ſelf they are
To wait in honour, till you take the aire:
And ſo my Lord, be pleaſed to poſſeſs
Your Coach, and you ſhall ſee their readineſs
To do you honour; ſo away they went,
Dimagoras being mod'rately content,
Until he came into the Street and ſpy'd
Such throngs of people, and how he was ey'd
By every one, who lookt, but on this ſcore
As he ſuppos'd, never to ſee him more;
Nay that which more confirm'd him, was, his ear
(Which then was much attentive) ſeem'd to hear
Some curſe and ſay, Now may the hang-man take
And truſs the villain for *Parthenia's* ſake:
Theſe words were bitter Coraſives; now he
Curſes the Goalers infidelitie;

He thinks to quit the Coach, but then his thoughts
Presents before him his unequal faults;
Resolves to stay, because he thinks the Rout
Would have no mercy till his Brains were out:
At last seeing himself begin t' appear
Without the City, he begins to cheer,
And stroak his Beard, his peaceful heart doth now
Begin to sit in tryumph on his brow:
, Fear is the senses whirlewind, for it blows
, The minds chief faculties away, and throws
, The reason out of order, judgment must
, Be whirl'd in to the lofty aire, like dust:
Dimagoras can witness this conclusion,
, Folly and fear are parents of confusion;
, And he whose fear exceeds his reason, borrows
, A fair advantage to encrease his sorrows;
But now *Dimagoras* his stormy mind
Grows calm, and quiet; now he is enclin'd
T' observe the Countries pleasure, which indeed
Does justly claim the priviledge to exceed:
She's natures eldest Daughter, wears the Crown
Of pleasure, plenty, jewel'd with Renown;
And to speak truth, she truly can invite
The strictest eye, to banquet with delight;
But in respect she has been prais'd before
By better Pens then mine, I'le say no more:

Thus

Thus having brought *Dimagoras*, though with fear
Yet with much ſafety, out of Town, I'le ſteer
My courſe towards his *Lutoſa*, who is now
In labour with her thoughts, complotting how
With moſt advantage, to declare her mind
Unto her Mother; Fortune proving kind
Juſt at that inſtant, brought her Mother in,
Which gave *Lutoſa* courage to begin,
And thus proceed: —Mother, ſays ſhe, I muſt
Commit a ſecret, to your care, and truſt,
Which is as follows:—— —— —— ——

—— —— —— ——Our *Lyconian* Lord
Of late hath pleas'd in paſſion to afford
Large promiſes of Love; but Mother, know
Becauſe you bid me, I ſtill anſwer'd, No;
But ſtill the more that I deny'd, the more
He importun'd me, and would not give o're
His ſtrong requeſts, ſwearing by all the powers
Above, before th' expence of many hours,
He would; though with the hazard of his life,
Finiſh his joys, by making me his wife;
Oh how he vow'd; And there, with much ado,
She wrings, and ſqueezes out, a tear or two;
And then ſhe cryes, Mother I muſt confeſs
I love the man more then I can expreſs:

Oh Mother! how his circling Arms did twine
About my waſte, he call'd me his Divine
And Dear *Lutoſa*, holding faſt my hand,
And ſtaring in my face, whilſt there did ſtand
A Pearly ſhowre within his pretty eyes,
As Arguments of his extreamities;
Oh how he wrong my hands, and would not let
Me go, but like an Owl catch'd in a Net
I flutter'd up, and down, but all in vain
The more I ſtrove, the more he would conſtrain,
And keep me, ſwearing that he car'd not whither
His life, or I went firſt, or both together;
So dearly does he love me, and I'm ſure
His ſtedfaſt love will conſtantly endure,
It will, it will; Oh how my Spirits burn,
I am inflam'd, I long for his return;
Mother, 'twil add unto your aged life
A ſcore of years, to ſee your daughter, wife
Unto a Noble Lord: Ah Daughter, Daughter,
Reply'd the Mother, mind what follows after;
'Tis no ſuch happineſs to be his Spouſe
That makes (with an intent to break) his vows
Beſides, what joy, what pleaſure can there be
In this his love's extream extremitie.
Extreams, like bubles, ſwell, but cannot laſt,
Nor claim more durance then a ſudden blaſt;

Sup-

Suppoſe you were invited as a Gueſt
To ſome rich Banquet, or a Marriage Feaſt,
Tell me, nay quickly tell me, would you eat
By well-cram'd handfulls, ſuch delitious meat,
Or by degrees? Reaſon, and Nature are
For moderate uſes; they that eat to ſpare,
Spare oft to eat; Thus conſequence may prove
There is no ſurfeit like a whole-ſale love;
Moreover, do you think that wit, or art
Can make it good to my experienc'd heart,
That he, vile man, (that never yet was true
To any) will be conſtant unto you;
Beleive it not; but yet, for ought I know,
He being mad, perhaps has made you ſo;
Only in this, the match is very fit,
Becauſe you truly equal him in wit;
Moreover, call to mind how he abus'd
Divine *Parthenia*, nay, and baſely us'd
Our moſt Renown'd *Celania*, whom I wiſh
The Gods defend and guard from prejudice:
He is a Traytor to the Laws of Reaſon,
Begot by murther, and brought forth by treaſon:
And do you think that he which was content
To'abuſe thoſe Beauties which were excellent
Can dote on you, that only have a beauty
Can boaſt equivolency to your duty.

Which (to ſpeak truth) is nothing; you inherit
Your Fathers baſeneſs, with as baſe a ſpirit:
Nature did crowd into the world a curſe
When thou wert born, and could not make thee worſe;
But now you fondly hope to change your life;
You'l be a Lords, and I a Goalers wife;
Your cruel Father, doubtleſs will be proud
To hear this news, pray tell it him aloud;
With that away ſhe flung, clapps to the door,
Being tyr'd with what ſhe heard, would hear no more,
Where now I'le leave them, for I am to make
What haſte, what ſpeed I can, to overtake
Dimagoras in his Journey; but a while
I'le reſt, not turn a pleaſure to a toyl.

The end of the Third Book.

THE

THE
Fourth Book.

FLY gentle *Pegaſus*, it now muſt coſt
Us labour, to redeem the time that's loſt,
Dimagoras has gone much ground, whilſt we
Loyt'ring behind, have loſt the libertie
Of hearing his diſcourſe, which, without doubt
Was pleaſing; Come let's haſt to find him out.
My Muſe has overtaken him, and now
He's very buſie in obſerving how
The Country lay, whilſt his obſerving eye
Upon a hills aſſent, did ſoon diſcry
A Stately Pallace, which indeed gave more
Content, then all that he had ſeen before;
It was *Kalanders* Pallace, who indeed
(As 'twas impoſſible he ſhould exceed
His Fathers virtues) equally expreſt
As much of bounty, with a noble breaſt:

Dimagoras (much contented) makes a ſtand,
Firſt views the houſe, and then ſurveys the Land;
Obſerves each herd of Cattel, how they browſe
And inter-weave themſelves amongſt the boughs;
Then his obliquor eyes (with living chear
Banquet themſelves) obſerves the wel'-fed Deer
Cruſted within a wall, that would invite
Meer gluttony unto an appetite:
Then with a more, then half reverted eye
(Being greedy in his looks) he did eſpye (Lambs
Hugh flocks of well-fleec'd ſheep, whoſe friſking
Would (in obedience to their blating Dams,
And their own hunger) oft kneel down, and tugg
The ſwelling bounty of th' exuberous dugg;
Nor did his eye alone Monopolize
Theſe ſeveral pleaſures; for his ears, likewiſe
Were courted with delight; in this they got
The upper hand, the eyes could ſee them not;
Yet by the ears direction they could ſee
The happy Authors of this melodie:
It was four Damoſels, ſitting on the ground
Cuſhion'd with Hillocks, lab'ring to confound
Their ſorrows in a Ditty; having took
There ſeveral ſeats neer to a neighbouring Brook,
Whoſe ſilver ſtreams, being proud to overflow
Their virdent banks, ſtood ſtill, as't twere, to ſhow

An

An admiration, seeming to expreſs
An humble duty to each Shepherdeſs;
At laſt (having not Neptunes grant to ſtay)
They ſhrunk within their bounds, & danc't away:
Dimagoras (though well-pleas'd) was not content
To hear at diſtance, crav'd the free conſent
Of his attentive Goaler, to go near
Unto the place, and undiſcovered hear
Their Amarous Songs; The Goaler gave conſent,
They quit the Coach, and ſo away they went;
But er'e they could arrive unto the end
Of their deſires they were enforc'd to lend
Their ears to new delights, a voice was ſent
Into their ſouls, to cauſe a raviſhment;
They both amazed, thought, they knew not what
Both wondring what it was they wondred at;
They now imploy their eyes to pry about
To ſee if they could find this Angel out;
At laſt their heedleſs paces brought them nigh
Unto a Jes'mine Grove, being thick and high;
Yet was it not ſo thick, but that the ear
ſtrictly attending, could prevail to hear,
And underſtand theſe words, which in regard
They pleas'd him not, *Dimagoras* wiſh'd unheard.

Faign

Feighn would I love, but dare not trust
Because I know the hearts of Men
Glory oft times to be unjust,
Therefore I'le love I know not when.
Happy and blest is she that can
Live without this thing call'd Man.

Were I like fair Parthenia,
And had an Argalus *to wo me,*
Experience bids me sadly say
A vile Dimagoras *might undo me.*
Happy and blest is she that can
Live without this thing call'd Man.

I will not love, nor will I hate,
But constant to my vows I'le prove,
I'le be contented in this State,
When men prove just I'le learn to love.
Happy and blest is she that can
Live without this thing call'd Man.

Then farewell all those flatt'ring toys
Which some esteem the gr ateſt pleasure,
They are but out-side painted joys,
Virginity's the best of treasure.
How truly blest is she that can
Live without this thing call'd Man.

And

And here *Dimagoras*, though he did not care
T' applaud the matter, yet he lik'd the aire;
But his disturbed thoughts were all this while
Boyling with rage to hear himself call'd vile:
And now he (like a blood-hound) sents about,
To see if he can find this party out,
Who sent this pleasing, most displeasing Song
Into his ears; he had not hunted long
Before was represented to his sight
(Which indeed pleas'd him not) an armed Knight
Who with undaunted courage thus expreſt
Himself: What are ye Friends that have transgreſt
Our strict-kept Laws; go back, look up, and see
That fair Inscription, read your destinie;
With that *Dimagoras* lifting up his head,
Observes th' Inscription, stares upon't, and read
To this effect.

Let none presume to pass this way,
But such as do intend to stay,
And give Encounter to a Knight
Who will forthwith come in sight;
Let him that overcomes remain
Till he be overcome again,
Or else if he in several fights
Can conquer two and fifty Knights

He,

He may, at that self same hour
Release Corinda *from this Bower;*
And to period all his strife,
He is to take her for his Wife;
She is a Princess, whose Renown
Justly deserves to wear the Crown.

Dimagoras having read this dismal story,
Not greatly thirsting after short liv'd glory,
Looks pale and wan; The Goaler thinks of flying,
Trembles, and almost dyes, for fear of dying:
Th' impatient Knight forthwith imploys his Page
To fetch Accoutrements, whilst with a sage
And well-composed countenance he told
Dimagoras, that good fortune made him bold
In these attempts; for he had often shown
Himself a Conqueror, and over-thrown
Forty six Knights already, and before
We part, says he, I hope to want but four,
As now I do but six, for by that fate
That sent you hither, I'le expire the date
Of both your lives; the world hath truly known
Amp'ialus was never overthrown,
Nor ever was my courage fully try'd,
Or match'd, except by *Argalus*, that dy'd

By

By my unequall'd Sword: Theſe thundring words
(Though modeſtly expreſt) prov'd two edg'd (ſwords
Unto *Dimagoras* his heart, who made
(His fear permitting) this reply, and ſaid,
Think not (moſt worthy Champion) that I fear
Becauſe you are *Amphialus*, or care
To meet you in a Combate: 'tis well known
Unto this Knight, that I have overthrown
More then you boaſt of; Nay, indeed 'tis true,
Reply'd the Goaler; Sir, be pleas'd to view
This powerful Warrant, whoſe Contents will be
A bar to your intended Victorie:
This is the Lord *Dimagoras*, who is now
My Pris'ner, being one that ſcorns to bow,
Or ſtoop unto the hardieſt Knight that lives;
And this is he to whom that Warrant gives
A priviledge to take the aire: But when
Dimagoras heard thoſe words, he cry'd, what then?
Muſt my concealed, well-known valour, lye
Dorment becauſe I want my liberty;
Accurſed Fate, cryes he, and there he ſwore;
The more perſwaded, ſtill he rag'd the more;
The courteous Knight deſir'd him to ſurceaſe
His paſſion, and enjoy a quiet peace;
For know, ſays he, Honour will not permit
A preſent Combate; for, my Lord, as yet

You

You are a Pris'ner (as I underſtand
By this informing Paper in my hand)
Therefore (my Lord) If I ſhould boldly enter
A Combate with you, I ſhould more then venture
My life at once; Suppoſe (My Lord) that Fate
Should Crown me Conqueror, what's my Eſtate,
Or Fortunes worth? I muſt be ſure to ſtand
(For boldly breaking of our Kings Command)
In danger of my life; Nor is this all,
For this (thy Keeper) will be ſure to fall
Into the hands of Juſtice: Therefore now
My Lord be ſatisfy'd, unknit your brow;
Go get your Liberty, then fight, and ſpare not,
For now I dare not fight, becauſe I dare not,
Your Warrant tyes my hands; What tongue can (tell
My ſorrows for this chance: My Lord farewel.

The Knight departs, *Dimagoras* now would fain
Follow, but that the Goaler does reſtrain,
And keep him back; when he begun to know
He could not, he the more deſires to go;
Oh that I had this curſed villain here,
Says he, that I might make my worth appear
In his diſaſter! Does he think his Arm
Is able to inflict the leaſt of harm

Upon

Upon my body, no, I'd make him feel
The full reward of my chaſtiſing ſteel;
Oh how I'd carbonado every part
Of his imperious, his perfidious heart;
I'de make the wretch revoke his former vows,
Or I would hack his body into mouths
To plead for pity; Oh my Spirits boyl
T' obtain the tryumph of ſo ſweet a ſpoil:
Audatious wretch, that told me to my face
That he would bring us both to quick diſgrace,
If we encounter'd him, yet I dare ſay,
The fool was glad we let him go away;
And ſo were you, my friend, your looks betray'd
The troubles of your heart, you were afraid:
I muſt confeſs, reply'd the Goaler, I
Hate fighting with a true ſincerity,
Except I am enforc'd, and then I ſhow
No mercy, for I kill at every blow;
And had that proud, and vap'ring Raſcal ſtay'd
A little, till my fear had been allay'd,
You ſhould have ſeen with what a dext'rous ſkil
I would have wrought the Traytor to my will,
Nor do not think my fear did wholly riſe
From cowardiſe, but from a quick ſurpriſe:
Man were not Man, except he were inclin'd
To feel the ſeveral paſſions of the mind,

As love, and fear, which often diſcontents
The mind with ſeveral obvious accidents;
Then blame me not; he's valiant can abide,
When danger tells him that he muſt be try'd;
But now he's gon, Nor will I ſo much ſtrain
My Valour, as to wiſh him back again:
But now (my Lord) occaſion does invite
After this ſtorm, to take a freſh delight:
Let's haſte away, for now our time draws on,
My Lord, forget your paſſion, let's be gon;
Away they went into the Coach, and eas'd
('Tis hard to judge which was the better pleas'd)
Their trembling limbs, where for a little ſpace
We'l leave them, and return unto the place
From whence they came; I hope the Reader will
Pardon a ſmall digreſſion; whilſt my Quill
Steps to *Corinda's* Bowr, and enquire
Of ſeveral paſſages, and then retire:
Firſt we muſt know this pleaſing Bowr, where-(in
Corinda was, has for a long time bin
A pleaſant reſeptacle for all ſuch
Diſtreſſed Ladies, that had griev'd too much
For their unconſtant Lovers; There they find
So many rare diverſions of the mind,
That fright'ned Melancholy ſeems to be
A non-apparent in that Libertie.

Here

Here liv'd the fair *Corinda*, who indeed
In Virtue, Riches, Beauty, did exceed
Moſt of her time, nay, I may boldly ſay
She did exceed, all, but *Celania*:
This Lady, who to ſafe-guard her delights
Was ſtill attended with a hundred Knights,
And fifty Damoſels, who were ſtill t' invent
New Rarities to crown her with content;
And whatſoever paſtime ſeem'd to be,
Without the Bowr, ſhe ſtood unſeen, to ſee:
It ſo fell out, *Dimagoras* was eſpy'd
(With his plump Goaler walking by his ſide)
To paſs that way, who being known by moſt
Of all the Knights, they ſoon began to boaſt
Of their approching paſt-time, which they knew
(If plotted well) would preſently enſue;
And knowing that *Dimagoras* his ear
Was always very courteous to hear
Harmonious ſtrains; they preſently made choice
Of one, whoſe more then ordinary voice
Would tame a Tyger, nay make ſorrow glad
Having an Art which *Orpheus* never had,
She has been often times miſtook to be
An Angel in a Damoſels Liverie;
And firſt, this Lady was deſir'd to ſtrain
Her magick voice, that ſo they might obtain,

And bring him near the Bowr; that ſo his ear
Might with more eaſe, and more diſtinctly hear,
Himſelf revil'd, and ſcorn'd; and how his name
Was eccho'd to the world in laſting ſhame;
Nay, that which vext him moſt, was, in regard
Th' attentive Goaler, liſtning, over heard
The ſame expreſſions, which indeed enforc'd
His preſent fury, whilſt he thus diſcours'd:
From whence proceeds thoſe Philomelian airs
Cloath'd in ſuch angry words; whoſe's that diſ-
And wil not love, if *Argalus* ſhould wo them (pairs
For fear a vile *Dimagoras* ſhould undo them?
What Helliſh tongue pronounc'd ſo damn'd a (word?
It is well known *Dimagoras* is a Lord,
Of more obliging courteſie; his Arm
Was always ready to defend from harm
Diſtreſſed Ladies? If I ſpeak a lye,
Oh may ſome well-prov'd Knight appear, and try
What I dare act;—— —— —— ——

—— —— —— ——At that time did reſort
(As if that fortune meant to crown the ſport
With good ſucceſs) a Clown, whoſe well-known
Was *Clinias*, much admired for his Fame, (name
In being infamous; and this was he
That ſtrove t' obtain a glorious Victorie

Over

Over *Demetas*; But in ſhort, the Knights
(Being covetous to feaſt with new delights
Corinda's eyes) did forthwith ſend away
For *Clinias*, who arriv'd without delay;
And being come, they preſently declare
Their minds unto him, bid him to prepare,
And arm himſelf; for now it muſt be try'd
Whether his well-prov'd valour will abide
A fierce aſſault: *Clinias* receives this news
With an aſtoniſh'd breſt, begins to muſe;
Non pluſt for want of words, thinks he, ſhould I
Shew my ſelf ſo unworthy to deny
This firſt Command, I ſhould for ever be
Diſrob'd of honour, cloth'd with infamie;
But what care I; What honour can proceed
From blood? beſides, I truly hate to bleed:
May he, whoſe ſteely brow invented firſt
This thing call'd fighting, ever be accurſt;
I hate it with my ſoul; beſides, I vow'd
The laſt Encounter (if I was allow'd
The favour of a Conqueſt) I would never
Be valiant more, but live at peace for ever;
The very thoughts of fighting is enough
To kill me; piſh; this honour's but a puff;
I'le tell an honourable lye, and ſay
I'm troubl'd with an Ague, and this day

'Twill ſojorn in my bones, I'le not diſſemble,
For I have fear enough to make me tremble,
And they ſhall ſee't, which ſure will make them ceaſe
Their importunity, and yeild me peace:
But haſte requir'd an anſwer, therefore they
Bid him reſolve whether he would obey
Corinda's pleaſure; *Clynias* having got
An Ague in his tongue, replyed not
So ſoon as was expected; but at laſt
(Compounding with his fear) and having paſt
The trouble of his thoughts, he ſoon diſplays
The colours of his heart, looks up. and ſays,
Think not (you moſt Renowned Knights) that I
Have ſtudyed, by my ſilence, to deny
The honour you impoſe for I proteſt
And ſwear by ſweet *Corinda*, that my breaſt
Is ready to defend her; but I find
A weakneſs in my body (not my mind)
Juſt at this inſtant, I am half aſleep,
(And there he ſtop'd) I feel a ſpirit creep
Into my bones; Alas I am all froſt:
Oh how I ſhake, my ſtrength, my limbs, are loſt:
Action's the beſt of cure for this deſeaſe
Reply'd the Knight, Now therefore if you pleaſe
To mount your Steed, you'le very much endeare
Your ſelf unto *Corinda*, and appear

The

The object of our praiſes, for behold
How near they come, and will, if not control'd,
Attempt the Bowr; with that, ſad *Clinias*, caſt
His eyes about, and looking, had at laſt
Obſerv'd it was *Dimag'ras*, then he cryes,
Give me my Horſe, my Armour, I deſpiſe
This thing call'd cold, hereafter, I'le proclaim
True valour turns a froſt into a flame;
Oh how I'le ſlice the ſlaves within this hour,
And bring the villains heads into the Bowr,
And lay them at *Corinda's* feet, that ſhe
May tryumph in my glorious victorie: (Steed
Now *Clinias* ſtrives to mount his well-known
On the wrong ſide, whoſe, allmoſt cripple, ſpeed
Anſwers his Riders valour; being plac'd
Within the Sadle, ſeem'd to make great haſt:
Away he goes, and meeting with his foes,
He told them, they muſt labour to oppoſe
His valour, having wilfully tranſgreſt
In their approch, as was before expreſt:
Corinda and the Knights were all this while
Within the Bowr, and could not chuſe but ſmile,
To hear, and ſee, how *Clinias* did behave
Himſelf, obſerving very much his grave
Deportment towards them, for he ſoon deſcry'd
Their ſervile fear, which made him ſwel with pride;

But yet he fearing that *Dimagoras* might,
Being (as 'twere) compel'd, preſume to fight,
He ſpake bigg words; and to advance his fame,
And quell their courage, he uſurp'd the name
Of bold *Amphialus*, which ſadly made
Dimag'ras, more then uſually afraid;
But when they ſaw the Page was near at hand
With Horſe and Arms, they all three jointly ſtand,
Gazing upon each other; *Clinias* thought
T' excuſe the matter, and remit the fault,
Becauſe it was the firſt; but that prov'd vain,
For then he fear'd, when he return'd again
Unto the Bowr, *Corinda* would command
His ſpeedy death; time would not let him ſtand
To reaſon longer, neither could he ſtay,
So he in ſhort, concludes to run away;
Which he had done, had not the Goaler ſhown
His Warrant to him, which was after known
To be an amorous Ballad, for indeed
Clinias (though looking on it) could not read;
But took it in his hand, and for a while
He ſeems to read. and now, and then to ſmile
At the Contents; the Goaler having ſpy'd
The wrong end upwards, ſmil'd, being ſatisfy'd
Of his tranſcendent ignorance, declar'd
What was before related, and prepar'd

To

To march away, desiring first to know
Whether that he were satisfy'd or no:
I dare not now (said *Clinias*) but reveal
My satisfaction, having hand, and seal
To warrant me, and if you please, you may
Take your own liberty, and hast away:
At which *Dimagoras* (though much pleas'd) expresst
Much discontent with an inraged Brest;
But at the last his seeming discontent
Gladly abated, and away he went;
And so did *Clinias*, glad withall his heart
Of such a fair advantage to depart;
And now he thinks each munite is an age
Before his near arrival could engage
Corinda to a thankfulness; for he
Thinks he has more then got a Victorie;
At last approaching near the Bowr, a Knight
Came forth unto him, wisht him to alight,
And enter in, that so he might possess
The honour due unto his worthiness;
Who having enter'd, presently was brought
Unto *Corinda's* presence, whilst he thought
Himself in Heaven, and that the time drew near
That his long promis'd glory should appear;
Corinda viewing him, was well content
To see his clowniſh garb, and after sent

The

The favour of a look, to let him know
(As he ſuppos'd) her goodneſs to beſtow
Reward upon his merits; but at laſt
More, then half raviſh'd *Clinias*, having paſt
The bounds of ſilence, opn'd wide, and ſaid,
Moſt Oderiferous, moſt refulgent Maid,
I, thy notorious friend, that ſtand before thee
Will fight for thee, becauſe I do adore thee;
Tell me, my Pigeon, didſt thou ſee how I
Behav'd my ſelf, and made the Raſcals fly,
That would have done thee wrong; piſh, I can
An Army fly before me for thy ſake; (make
I'le hop o're Walls, and Mountains, nay, I'le dive
Into the Ocean to keep thee alive;
Me thinks the world's too ſmall, for when I come
To fight for thee, I groan for Elbow room;
Theſe narrow Confines allmoſt make me ſweat
My ſelf to death, for I am grown ſo great
That I muſt ſtretch the world; I here profeſs
I will enlarg't, or that ſhall make me leſs;
How doſt thou like me, Wench, come, prethee ſay
Art thou not bleſt, to ſee this happy day
And me, (thy moſt Renowned Champion) here
To take thy part, when danger ſhall appear.
With that a noble Knight, which then ſtood by
Corinda, made to *Clinias* this Reply,

And

And ſaid, Sir Knight, this Lady much does wonder
She ſaw no light'ning, when ſhe heard it thunder;
She ſaw your paſtime, but ſhe heard no blows,
You courted them like friends (ſhe ſays) not foes;
Moreover, 'tis her pleaſure you ſhould be
Reſpondent to ſome queſtions, which ſhall be
Forth-with propos'd unto you. Firſt you are
With ſpeed, and freedom forthwith to declare
Why you miſ-call'd your ſelf, and ſaid your name
Was bold *Amphialus*, that you had ſlain
So many Knights; ſhe ſays this muſt appear
To be untrue, *Amphialus* is here,
Now looking on you, and ere you depart
Will take revenge upon your perjur'd heart:
Clinias takes courage (for it is conceit
Makes all our actions either ſmall or great)
And thus reply'd; Sir Knight, I do conceive
My ſelf much injur'd, for you would bereave
And rob me of my honour, when as I
Have dearly bought it of mine enemy;
As for *Amphialus*, I muſt confeſs,
(In the relation of his hardineſs)
I did him honour, not appropriate
His name, but ſung the glory of his fate;
And this was all; moreover, when I ſaw
The Kings broad Seal, and Hand, it was a Law

To

To warrant my forbearance, I proteſt
My vexed ſoul was never more oppreſt
Then at that preſent; What is, to a Knight
Of valour, more delightful then a fight?
But being charm'd by power, what could I do
More then I did; Sir Knight, I ſpeak to you.
Corinda, and her Ladies (all this while
Being in labour with a hearty ſmile)
Were now delivered, which truly ſent
To *Clinias* his heart no ſmall content;
For fools love all extreams, becauſe, ſometimes
They cenſure ſmiles to be the greateſt crimes;
But when their after faiths perſwades their breſt
That every word's a meritorious jeſt
(Becauſe it is moſt non-ſenſe) then they toyl
(And he commits a fault that does not ſmile)
And tugg for jeſts; But yet in Reaſons School
Who laughs becauſe, another is a fool,
'Condems himſelf; I therefore only ſhall
'Say *Clinias* was a fool, and that is all;
'How many great pretenders to the Sword
'(As well as he) could never read a word?
'Yet what a bluſter in the world they make; (take
The Sword's their Pen, their Book, with which they
Such large accounts, that 'twill at laſt be known
They have expended more then was their own;

But

But I muſt haſte *Dimagoras* now draws near
To his deſires, where all things do appear
Delightful to his wiſh; his greedy eyes
(Being ſatiated with varieties)
Conceal'd themſelves, that ſo they might obtain
(When reinvited to obſerve again)
New ſtrength; but at the laſt they were deſcry'd
('Tis known great perſons ſeldom go uney'd)
By ſeveral ſervants, which did then attend
Upon *Kalander*, who did forthwith ſend
(Being then a time of war) to prove, and know
Whether that they were enemies or no;
But when *Dimagoras* was for certain told
This real truth, his troubled heart grew cold,
Not knowing what the matter was, for he
Thought every buſh a fatal enemy:
By which example we may ſadly find
The ſtrange effects of a tormented mind,
At laſt 'twas known *Kalander* only ſent
To know for certain what was the intent
Of their approach, which when *Dimagoras* knew,
He ſoon lookt up, endeavouring to renew
His former courage, giving that reſpect
Was due; And after, ſpake to this effect:
I well perceive (my friends) ſays he, ye are
Attendants to this Lord, whoſe pleaſant aire,

And

And ſtately Pallace, makes me bold to be
His Orator, deſiring libertie
A while to be his Gueſt, I'le therefore ſtay
To wait his favourable anſwer; Nay
Reply'd the Servants, you may pleaſe, my Lord,
T' approach, we know his goodneſs will afford
A lib'ral wellcome; 'tis well known, that he
Is not a niggard of his Courteſie.
Therefore be pleas'd t' approach without delay,
And we'le be bold (my Lord) to lead the way;
Away they went; At laſt they drawing near
Unto the houſe, *Kalander* did appear
Nobly attended, which *Dimagoras* ſpy'd,
And ſoon diſ-Coach'd himſelf, and thus aply'd
Himſelf unto him; If my unhandſome Fate,
My Lord, ſays he, makes me unfortunate
In my obtaining favour from your hands
For my preſumption, here your ſervant ſtands
To wait your will; With that, *Kalander* ſtayd
The Current of his Language, and thus ſayd.
My Lord, if your offences be ſo great
As you expreſs, 'tis fit I ſhould retreat
From thoughts of pardon; unto which intent
Walk in my Lord, and take your puniſhment;
I muſt aſſure you that 'twill much exceed
The merit of your crime; My Lord, you need

Have

Have more then usual patience: This discourse
Had allmost made *Dimagoras* divorce
His thonghts, from his intents, his wit affords
No sense to understand *Kalanders* words;
These are but homely Complements, thinks he,
Is this the effect of his lib'ralitie?
Let what will happen, I am fully bent,
Thinks he to enter, and expect th' event;
So being led into a spacious Hall
Whose uniformity might justly call
It self most Excellent, and could supply
The ear with rare delights, as well as th' eye,
Where being come, *Kalander* does address
Himself unto him, with a chearfulness
Disconsonant to what *Dimagoras* did
Expect, and with a graceful presence bid
Him freely welcome, which did much repair
His drooping spirits, and decrease his care;
So after mutual Ceremonies past
They both sat down, *Dimagoras* often cast
His eyes upon the Pictures; but before
His nimble senses could half look them o're,
His ears were courted with such melodies
That now he's turn'd all ears, that was all eyes;
He lookt about, but could not apprehend (descend
From whence those Heav'n-bred Raptures should

But

But on a ſudden (juſt before his eyes)
Two folding doors flyes ope, and he eſpyes
Variety of objects; Now his ears,
And eyes are grown at variance, and he fears
One ſenſe diſturbs another, for the eyes,
And ears are ſo antartique, that it lyes
Not in the power of nature to unite
Or reconcile the ears unto the ſight;
Although 'tis not deny'd they often are
Aſſiſtant to each other; yet I dare
Preſume to ask this queſtion; tell me whither
That they can ſee, and hear, and judge together,
Both at one inſtant; but it is in part
Anſwer'd, becauſe *Dimagoras* his heart
Did truly wiſh it lay within his power,
To be or deaf, or blind, for half an hour;
My judgement's ſatisfy'd enough to know
Both eyes, and ears, were captivated ſo,
That 'twas, nay very difficult, to tell
Which object did moſt pleaſe, which moſt excel:
The firſt thing repreſented to his eye,
Was a rare Fountain, whoſe curioſity
Was known by this Inſcription writ thereon,
I'M MADE FOR WONDER, NOT DESCRIP-
Under whoſe fluent eyes Dame *Flora* lay (TION.
Nurſing her off-ſpring for the Month of *May*;

Each

Each ſwelling Hillock gladly ſeem'd to be
Much pleas'd at their ſo near deliverie;
Whilſt from the Chriſtal Fountain there did flow
Like *April* ſhowrs, freſh ſtreams to make them grow
Againſt the general Mid-wife of the earth (
Should ſhew the world a party-colour'd birth;
Nor was this all; for there, the lofty Pine,
The Beech, the Cedar, did as 'twere combine
To in wilderneſs this Fountain; but yet ſo,
That the refreſhing Sun might come, and go
To court her ſtreams, being welcom'd by a quire
Of warbling Nightingals, who would retire
Into the Thickets, and at every noat
Raviſh the Sun, and make him ſeem to doat
Upon their harmony, and pry about
(As 'twere) to find theſe feathered Syrens out,
Whilſt *Zepherus* being favourably kind,
Would with a ſober, and refreſhing wind
Move back the dangling-boughs, whoſe leaves
A pleaſure not much fit to be reveal'd; (conceal'd
It was *Diana*, and her Virgin crew,
Going (as often times they uſe to do)
To bathe themſelves; but being near undreſt,
The doors clapt too, and would not let the reſt
For modeſty be ſeen, ſo without ſtay,
Dimagoras curſt the doors, and went away;

By which, it does moſt perfectly appear
His eye was better pleaſed then his ear;
The ſight, and muſick ending both together,
Dimagoras knew not what to think, nor whether
'Twere Art, or Nature that had all this while
With ſweet deluſions labour'd to beguile
His raviſh'd ſenſes, neither did he much
Deſire to know, for his delights were ſuch,
That he (inſpir'd with an enlivening mirth)
Beleiv'd himſelf in Heaven, and not on earth;
And it had paſt for currant I dare ſware
Had he not ſpy'd his ill-look'd Goaler there
Kalander all this while ſate ſtill, and took
A perfect Character of every look;
And ſo perceiving that his raviſht breſt
Inclin'd him to extreams; he thus expreſt.

My Lord, your puniſhment does now preſent
It ſelf unto you, in the ſmall extent
Of my abilities to entertain
Your Noble ſelf, and your moſt worthy Train;
But be aſſur'd, my Lord, if wiſhes could
Creat a real Feaſt, I quickly would
Wiſh *Cleopatra's* dainties to delight,
And bring refreſhment to your appetite;
But ſince my wiſhes, and my fortunes are
Extreamly different, I ſhall forbear

Further

Further diſcourſe, my Lord, 'tis my intent
To lead you to your further puniſhment,
Therefore I crave excuſe; My Lord, reply'd
Dimagoras. I will follow, and abide
What you ſhall pleaſe t' inflict; becauſe I know
No danger can proceed from ſuch a foe:
At laſt (diſcourſing as they went) they came
Into a ſtately Room, the very ſame
Wherein diſguis'd *Parthenia* met her dear,
Her Deareſt *Argalus*, after a year
Of hopeleſs ſeparation; being brought
Into this Room, *Dimagoras* forthwith thought
There was variety of Heavens, begins
To think what he did there with all his ſins;
He turn'd his head, and as he lookt, he ſpy'd
His well-paunch'd Goaler ſtaring by his ſide;
To whom his ready lipps begun t'expreſs;
His new-bred joy for this his happineſs,
But being ſoon prevented by a Train
Of Ladies, was enforced to reſtrain
His nimble tongue, and forthwith turn the ſtream
Of his diſcourſe; having ſo good a Theam,
He thus began:

Moſt ſplendent Stars, ſays he,
Your Beauties give my tongue the Liberty

To call you excellent, I muſt confeſs
I want a flood of language to expreſs.
Thoſe innate virtues which do truly reſt
Diſcovered by each eye, in every breſt;
Therefore my admiration ſhall ſupply
My tongues defect: My Lord, you ſoar too high
In your hyperboles, reply'd the fair.
And virtuous Ladies, neither do we care
To hear ſuch vain Encomiums; and we can
Preſume to ſlight the flateries of man;
(*Dimagoras* being charm'd, he only took
(Though not to ſpeak) the priviledge to look,
And gaze about him; but at laſt he ſpy'd
Parthenias Picture, which he ſadly ey'd,
And bluſht at every look, his eyes expreſt
A world of paſſion warring in his breſt,
Which grave *Kalander* ſeeing, ſoon addreſt
Himſelf unto him, whilſt he thus expreſt
Your tell-tale looks (my honoured Lord) declare
That you are ſtruck with death, and that you are
Now drawing on, 'tis therefore good to be
My Lord, prepar'd for ſuch a certaintie,
Death is a ſpeedy change, were his concluſion
Like his exordium, what a ſtrange confuſion
Would fall upon us; but our finite pains
Are crown'd at laſt, with everlaſting gains;

But

But ſince 'tis ſo, that death begins t'appear
Upon your Stage of life, My Lord, draw near
Unto your ſelf, for you will find that death
(Whoſe entrance gives an exit to your breath)
Will prove a rugged, an intruſive gueſt;
When he's in earneſt, 'tis in vain to jeſt;
Therefore, My Lord, ſince time will not permit
Further conveniency, if you think fit
To make my breſt the office of your will,
I will be juſt, my Lord, pray ſtand not ſtill,
It is a buſie time: Theſe words being ſpoke
With ſerious gravity, had almoſt broke
Dimagoras his heart, yet after he
(Conſulting with himſelf) did plainly ſee
There was no ſigns of death, although his heart
Indeed was wounded with a ſudden dart
Shot from *Parthenias* image; he reply'd,
And ſaid, my Lord, thoſe ſorrows which abide,
And riot in me, are no ſigns of death,
But the diſturbers of my feeble breath;
However, for your good advice, I do
Return thoſe thanks which reaſon ſays is due;
But as for death, my Lord, were it as near
As you ſuppoſe, ide neither ſtart, nor fear,
For death is but a period to our ſtrife,
A noble paſſage to a better life;

But I perceive, my Lord, nature does make
It uſual for the wiſeſt to miſtake;
To which, well pleas'd *Kalander*, ſmiling ſaid,
My Lord, you are miſtaken, and have made
A falſe conſtruction of my Text, 'tis true,
I muſt confeſs, I ſaid, I thought that you
Were ſtruck with death, which if it be deny'd,
I'le undergo your cenſure, and abide
The merit of my crime; to which intent
I will expatiate my ſelf, and vent
The reaſon of my ſpeech. I did diſcry
When I obſerv'd, my Lord, your greedy eye
Survey *Parthenias* Image, that your blood
Re reated to your heart, and frightned ſtood
A diſtance from your cheeks, by which I know
This Image was that death which wrought your woe;
And be aſſur'd this Image never yet
Was view'd by any, but they would forget
Their preſent reaſon, and would ſeem to be
In love with that they could but only ſee:
But if a ſilent, empty ſhadow, can
Make ſuch impreſſions on the heart of man;
What would the ſubſtance do? Oh this was ſhe
Whoſe latter days were fill'd with miſerie;
Yet in the flowr of age, ſhe was the flowr
Of all her Sex, nor was it in the power

Of

Of Nature to do more; ſhe muſt excell
That liv'd, and dy'd without a Parralel;
This, this was ſhe, that both in life and death,
Left an example to ſucceeding breath;
This is that fair *Parthenia*, whoſe glory,
Encreaſt into an everlaſting ſtory;
This, this was ſhe whoſe Tragi comick age
Begun with pleaſure to conclude in rage:
Walk further on, My Lord, and you ſhall ſee
Her cloathed in her Robes of miſerie;
But I muſt crave excuſe, becauſe indeed
The emblems of her ſuff'rings far exceed
The valour of my patience; And, my Lord,
The Laws of conſanguinity afford
A reaſon for my abſence; yet if I
Intreat theſe Noble Ladies to ſupply,
And execute my place; I hope 'twill be
Sufficient warrant for my libertie;
And ſo, my Lord, I'le leave you to behold
The ſaddeſt ſtory ever yet was told;
And ſo they parted. Now *Dimagoras* grows
Conſcious unto himſelf, becauſe he knows,
Or at the leaſt ſuſpects, and fears th' event
Would prove injurious; ſo away they went:
At laſt being brought into a ſtately place
Furniſht with Pictures, where each lovely face,

Did ſeem, as 'twere, ambitiouſly to ſtrive
In ſilent terms to plead themſelves alive;
But walking further, they did ſoon diſcover
Abus'd *Parthenia*, and her raging Lover,
Her noble *Argalus*, whoſe very look
Expreſt ſo much of terror, that it ſtruck
Dimagoras to the heart; for when his eye
(Although unwilling) ſaw *Parthenia* lye
Rackt on a bed of horror; he began,
Oh miſerable Lady, wrethed man!
What fury hatch'd this miſchief? and diſplac'd
The Pride of nature; ſhe that once embrac'd
Perfection in her Beauty, now does lye
Perfect in nothing but deformity;
Alas, alas; And is it even ſo?
Or is't the Painters Tyranny, to ſhow
His cruel skill? Oh moſt untimely art,
See how death lodges in each ſenſeleſs part;
I muſt be gone, or elſe my heart will break,
I dare not ſtay for fear her wrongs ſhould ſpeak:
My Lord, you being unconcern'd, may ſtay,
Reply'd the Ladies, or elſe paſs this way,
Where ſhall be repreſented to your ſight
An object of leſs horror, more delight;
Away they went; *Dimagoras* all the while
Check'd his own thoughts, forgeting not how vile

He

He had been to *Parthenia*; but at laſt
Comming into a Room being over-caſt,
And rooft with horror, where his gaſhly eye
Obſerv'd *Parthenia*, and himſelf ſtand by,
Drawn to the life; at which diſpleaſing ſight,
His heart grew cold, his thoughts were turn'd to night,
And lowring with revenge, his tongue let fall
A ſhowr of words, he ſpake unto them all,
To this effect:
Ladies, ſays he, this diſmal place retains
More ſhapes of horror then deſerves our pains
In ſtaying in it, and our quick receſs
Would make our joys be more, our griefs be leſs,
Therefore be pleas'd to let us now retire,
And learn to pity what we now admire;
For now, alas ſhe's dead, let's therefore ſtrive
T' expreſs our griefs that once ſhe was alive
T' indure ſuch miſery; 'tis always known
Extreams are changeable, and ſeldome own
An hour of certainty; for ſhe whoſe heart
Boaſted it ſelf above the power of art,
Or fate to make her happier, was quite
Bereav'd of all; her day being turn'd to night:
Even as a ſtately Fabrick, which but now
We ſee inſulting with a lofty brow

Over

Over the leſſer, which would ſeem as fair,
And much admired if that were not there;
But if a tempeſt comes, it fails, and why?
Things moſt in danger, often ſtand moſt high;
Even ſo the fair *Parthenia*, which indeed
(I hope I ſpeak offenceleſs) did exceed
Her Sex in beauty, and had ſo much ſtore
Of pleaſure, that her heart could wiſh no more;
Her joys were ſum'd in *Argalus*, and he
Compris'd in her, and yet we ſadly ſee
Fates ſudden change; her beauty ſoon was thrown
And blaſted into ruine, ſhe could own
Nothing but woe: Since thus it was decreed,
Oh blame not him ſo much that did the deed;
Not blame him, cry'd the Ladies, may he never
See happy minute, but be curs'd for ever,
May plagues, and growing horror dwell about,
His curſed heart, and keep all comfort out;
May all his meat turn ſcorpions, and his drink
Prove fiery-flames; and let all them that think
Upon his curſed name, cry out, and ſay,
Moſt vile *Dimagoras*, wrong'd *Parthenia*:
Draw near, my Lord, ſaid they, behold, and ſee
This treacherous Monſter, whoſe grand Tyranny
Exceeds, almoſt beleif, behold each part,
How they proclaim the treaſon of his heart:

Be-

Behold his dangling locks, which now appears
Like Serpents circling round about his ears;
Obſerve his megre looks, his hollow eyes,
The ſi'ent Heraulds of his tyrannies;
See how his griping hands tares off the fair
And bounteous treaſure of her flaxen hair;
See how his fury labours to diſpence
His rage upon her youthful innocence;
See how he makes her tender Limbs adore
By ſad compulſion, the, now happy floor;
Happy, becauſe *Parthenia*. Oh ſad fate!
Did there bewail her miſerable ſtate;
Happy, becauſe it keeps, and ſadly bears
A Monument of her defuſed tears;
Alas how poor are all the *Indian* Mines
Compar'd to this, to this, which far out ſhines
A Contenent of Rubies, for there lies
Th' unvalued treaſure of *Parthenias* eyes;
I mean, her tears, her tears, that truly woe
And begg for pity from her cruel foe,
That moſt accurſt *Dimagoras*, that ſtands
Darkening the Sun with his prodigious hands;
See how he clouds her beauty with the veil
Of horrid poiſon; Nothing can prevail
To ſtop his fury, which reſolves to run,
And ſpend it ſelf until the dreggs are done;

Ob-

Obſerve, my Lord, would not her looks prevent
A petty fury in a bad intent;
But this grand *Pluto*, who reſolves to ſhow
The abſtract of his malice, and o're throw
The Idol of the world, does make her cryes,
Her groans, her tears, her ſighs; his melodies:
And thus, my Lord, becauſe I ſadly ſee
You ſeem to ſympathize in miſerie,
With poor *Parthenia*, I will turn the ſtream
Of my diſcourſe, and chuſe another Theam:
It only now remains to let you know
The puniſhments of her unequall'd foe
The vile *Dimagoras*, which if you, my Lord,
Will pleaſe to walk a little, and afford
A willing ear) I ſhall in ſhort relate,
And let you know the changes of his fate.
It ſo fell out, that after this moſt vile,
And perjur'd wretch, had triumph'd o're the ſpoil
Of poor *Parthenia*'s beauty, that he fled
(Firmly ſuppoſing he had murthered
Her body with her beauty) from that place
Into a wood, where he a little ſpace
Pamper'd his ſoul with the delightful dyet
Of full revenge; Thus in a calm of quiet
He floated for a minute; but at laſt
His wounds being chil'd with the impetuous blaſt

Of

Of ſharp diſpair, his conſcience, which before
Did hardly grumble, then began to roar;
Fear (which indeed does evermore controle
Within the confines of a guilty ſoul)
Did now begin to riot in each part,
And play the Devil in his treacherous heart:
My Lord, pray mind this ſtory, for indeed
It juſtly claims the priv'ledge to exceed
All ſtories of this nature—— —— ——

—— —— —— —— ——Madam, ſaid
Dimagoras, if I humbly might perſwade,
And woe you to a ſilence, I ſhould ſtand
Ever obliged to your ſtrict command;
For at the preſent my diſtracted mind
Is rackt with thoughts, and will not be confin'd
To any thing that's ſerious; For of late
I have been dogg'd with an unlucky fate;
Beleive me Madam, I can hardly own
A minutes reſt; The ſtory is beſt known
Unto my ſelf; It burns within my breſt,
Thoſe griefs are greateſt which are leaſt expreſt.
Madam divert your thoughts, me thinks I ſee
A Cloud, which darkens our felicitie,
I mean, your Window, which does even woe
My hand to open it, that I might know

What

What pleaſures are without; Excuſe, that I
Madam, am bold, to ſatisfie my eye;
With that away he went, and having ſet
The window open, he begun to let
His eye ſurvey each rariety; but he
(The more he ſaw, the more deſir'd to ſee)
At laſt eſpy'd the Pilgrim, in whoſe eye
He read the Characters of gravity;
The ſerious Pilgrim often times would ſhed
A tear or two, then ſigh, and ſhake his head;
He whiſper'd to himſelf, and ſeem'd afraid
Himſelf, ſhould hear himſelf, but what he ſaid
Dimagoras could not hear, becauſe indeed
Thoſe Ladies that were with him did proceed
In their diſcourſe, which very much oppreſt
His troubled mind; but what they then expreſt
I will not now relate, for time invites,
And calls us unto new, though ſad delights;
But yet I hope my Reader will ſuppoſe
Th' effect of their diſcourſe; for he that knows
Dimagoras is their ſubject, well may gueſs
Th' event, and ſave me labour to expreſs.
—It ſo fell out, when the declining Sun
Declar'd unto the world, that he had run
Th' extreameſt of his labour, for that day
That ſad *Celania* chanc'd to paſs that way

Where

Where the deep-thoughted Pilgrim ſate, who (minded
Nothing but his own mind, and being blinded
With contemplation, did not then diſcover
The near approach of this diſtreſſed Lover;
But like a ſluggard, who is loath to riſe
Until the Sun intrench upon his eyes:
Even ſo the Pilgrim, when *Celania* glanc'd
Before his eyes; rous'd up, and ſoon advanc'd
His drooping head; but this amazed ſight
Could not endure th' approach of ſo much light;
Which ſhe perceiving, ſuddenly did ſhrowd
Her beauty underneath a Cypreſs cloud;
Which when the Pilgrim ſaw, he ſoon addreſt
Himſelf unto her, and his thoughts expreſt
To this effect——— ——— ——— ——— ———

Moſt penſive Virgin, if my ſerious thoughts
Hath made me guilty of too many faults
In this my bold attempt, which may indeed
Juſtly aſſure you that it did proceed
From your own promiſe, which I claim as due;
Then pardon him who lives to honour you:
And ſince I ſee your virtues have enclin'd
(If I miſtake not) your perplexed mind
To the performance of your promiſe made
To me, after your ſorrows had betray'd,

And

And brought you to my ſight, I crave to know
The reaſon of your grief; Madam, beſtow
Your confidence upon me; for I vow
By theſe my ſacred Weeds, that I will bow
My whole endeavours, to procure your peace,
Though by my own diſquiet; therefore ceaſe
Thoſe baſhful tears which I perceive diſtill
Out of the Limbick of your tim'rous will;
Beleive me then, each word that ſhall depart
Out of your lips, ſhall drop into my heart,
Which now lies open, with a full intent
To take them in when you ſhall give them vent;
Therefore uncaptivate thoſe thoughts, which lye
Struggling within your breſt for liberty:
To which *Celania*, after ſhe had made
A ſhort, though ſeeming pauſe, lookt up, and ſaid:
Grave Sir, ſince thus your Oratorious skill,
Hath made me yeild to your inviting will;
I ſhall in ſhort, though ſadly, thus relate
The grandure of my miſerable ſtate,
By which relation, I ſhall boldly thruſt
(With an aſſurance that you will be juſt)
My life into your hands: May, Heaven, reply'd
(The Pilgrim) ſtrike me dumb, when I divide
Your ſecrets from my heart; I will forbear
To tell them to my ſelf, for fear the air,

Being

Being infected with an envious ſpight,
Should bring your ſecrets to untimely light;
Therefore with confidence proceed to ſhow,
And tell the reaſon of your laviſh woe;
At which *Celania* (all her joys being fled)
Contemning life, becauſe her life was dead,
(I mean her *Amorozo*) did expreſs
Her ſelf as follows

Know (grave Sir) this dreſs
You ſee me in, is but a ſad diſguiſe
To change my perſon, not my miſeries:
I had a Father, whoſe indulgent care,
And carefull indulgency did not ſpare
For coſt to educate me to the beſt
Advantage of the times: I made requeſt
Upon a time unto him, that I might
(Being of years ſufficient) take delight
In what I had acquir'd, and forthwith ſhow
My ſelf at Court; Ah there began my woe!
But to proceed, My Father to fulfill
The wilfull humour of my eager will
Perpending not the danger might ariſe
(Parents affections often wanting eyes)
From my requeſt, did forthwith give conſent
For my departure, So away I went,

Where being come, I forthwith did apply
My ſelf unto the choiceſt company;
My Birth and Fortune was at laſt declar'd
Unto the Court, then every one prepar'd
To do me homage; for indeed, the Court
(That grand Idolater) did ſoon report,
And Idolize my worth, which made me look
Above my ſelf, I preſently forſook
That glorious thing call'd Virtue, and became
(Having loſt the honour of a virtuous Name)
A perfect Courtier, and I ſoon forgot
How to be good, becauſe I us'd it not;
And to ſpeak truth, the Court will ſcarce allow,
Or give acceptance to a modeſt brow;
They that come there, muſt forthwith diſ-ingage
Themſelves of virtue, learn to court the rage
Of every humour; Courtiers, all men know,
Like Butter-flyes, are only good in ſhow;
Yet I'le not blame them all, becauſe I've ſeen
Bees amongſt flyes, The Lawrel will be green
In ſpight of froſt, yet every one ſuppoſes
A Wilderneſs yeilds Nettles more then Roſes,
And they that live a perfect Courtiers life
As I have done, change true content, for ſtrife;
Virtue at Court is like a blazing Star
Gaz'd at for wonder—— But I run too far

In

In this diſcourſe, I therefore will return
Unto my ſelf (who although green) did burn
In flames of Love, not doubting but to find
A ſweet refreſhment for my tortur'd mind;
But all in vain, for my diſtracted breſt
(Being ſubject unto every thing, but reſt)
Was ſo tormented, that I was enforc'd
To vent my thoughts, And thus in ſhort diſcourſt
With my own thoughts: *Cindana*, why doſt thou
(For that's my name) thus play the fool, and bow
To every paſſion? tell me, canſt thou know
A reaſon for thy love? doſt thou not know
Extreams are dangerous; Ah cruel lie
That flatter'd me into this miſerie;
Ah *Theophraſtus*! how haſt thou betrayd ——
But here the current of her ſpeech was ſtay'd
By an approaching Lady, who deſir'd
Some ſecrecy; the Pilgrim ſoon retyr'd,
And gave them opportunity; but he
Began to muſe, and wonder what would be
The ſequel of her ſtory, whilſt indeed
She was, her ſelf, unwilling to proceed;
So being glad of this advantage, took
Her leave, and ſo immediately forſook
The Garden, telling him withal, that ſhe
(Having begun t' unfold her miſerie

Unto his ears) would take another day
To perfect what she then begun to say,
Away she went. The Pilgrims heart affords
Nothing but wonder; her promiscuous words
Torment his soul, because he could not find
(Although he labour'd with a serious mind)
The aim of her discourse; he therefore broke
His silence into language, and thus spoke
Unto himself: What, are my senses grown
So dull, so stupid, that they cannot own
So much as common reason? sure my brain
Is very empty, or her words are vain;
The time has been when I could understand
Cloudy Enigma's, when I could command
The knottiest intricacies to appear
Before my apprehension, plain, and clear;
But to be baffl'd by a womans wit
Is more then peevish nature can forget;
Yet I must needs confess, and say I lye
Under a most ingenious tyranny;
But why was I so curious, as to know,
And hear the reason of her stubborn woe?
What have I gain'd, but wonder, doubt, & trouble?
Inquisitive hearts are still tormented double;
Her story was so clouded, that the eye
Of my dull sense, cannot at all discry,

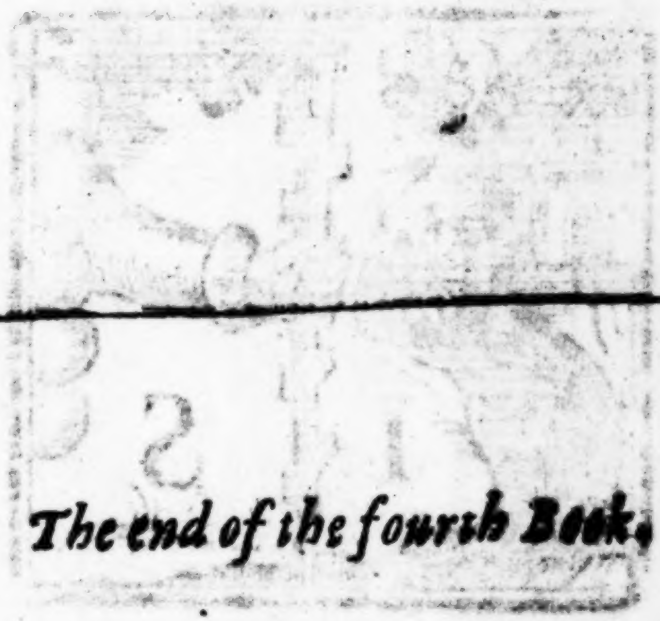
Or gueſs the ſequel: Firſt ſhe ſaid, her life
Was wrapt up in each word, which made a ſtrife
Within my thoughts, for fear that they ſhould be
Born into words, and make diſcoverie
Of her diſigns; well, may ſhe never reſt
Till I have heard, and ſhe has ſpoke the reſt;
And ſo farewell vain thoughts, my ſerious mind
Muſt aim at higher things, farewel, unkind
And cruel Virgin; I will now retire
Into my ſelf, and never more enquire
After thy endleſs ſtory, for indeed
I fear that thou wer't fearful to proceed,
Or, at the leaſt, aſham'd; The Court, I know
Receives the good, but ſeldom keeps them ſo;
But ſtay, my thoughts, me thinks I did eſpye
Something within the circuit of her eye
That I have ſeen before; Me thinks her face
Is radiated with a glorious grace;
But being mask'd with ſorrow, ſhe lies hid
From my remembrance, and I am forbid
To make enquiry, therefore I'le ſurceaſe
My preſent thoughts, and ſhrowd my ſelf in peace;
And thus we'le leave them both, and now return
Unto *Dimagoras*, who begins to burn,
And flame with anger, every word they ſpoke
Batter'd his conſcience, and had almoſt broke

His

His treacherous heart; The Ladies, did indeed
At that time all endeavour to exceed
Their usual passions, every one did throw
A dagger at him, and would oft bestow,
The name of Villain on him: Thus his ear
(Although unwilling) was enforc'd to hear
Himself revil'd, but yet he durst not show
His rage in words, for fear that they should know,
Or at the least, mistrust, that it was he,
That was the Authour of that villanie,
And they, as being willing still to add
To his beleif, would often wish they had
The Traytor there, that they might jointly take
Revenge in part, for wrong'd *Parthenias* sake.
Dimagoras being tyr'd, does now prepare
For his return, but scarcely could forbear
To shew his anger; Yet at last, he took
His solime leave, return'd his thanks, forsook
Kalanders house, being not a little proud
To think that he had pass'd so great a crowd
Of difficulties; He does now begin
To think what an unpardonable sin
He had committed, in respect he staid
So long from his *Lucasa*, who had made
A battery in his soul: But here 'tis best
To take th' advantage of a breathing rest;

There-

Therefore (My Muſe) retire, we muſt not play
Too much at firſt, but begg another day
From our more ſerious thoughts; tiſl then, deſire
The Reader to excuſe thee, and retire.



The end of the fourth Book.

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